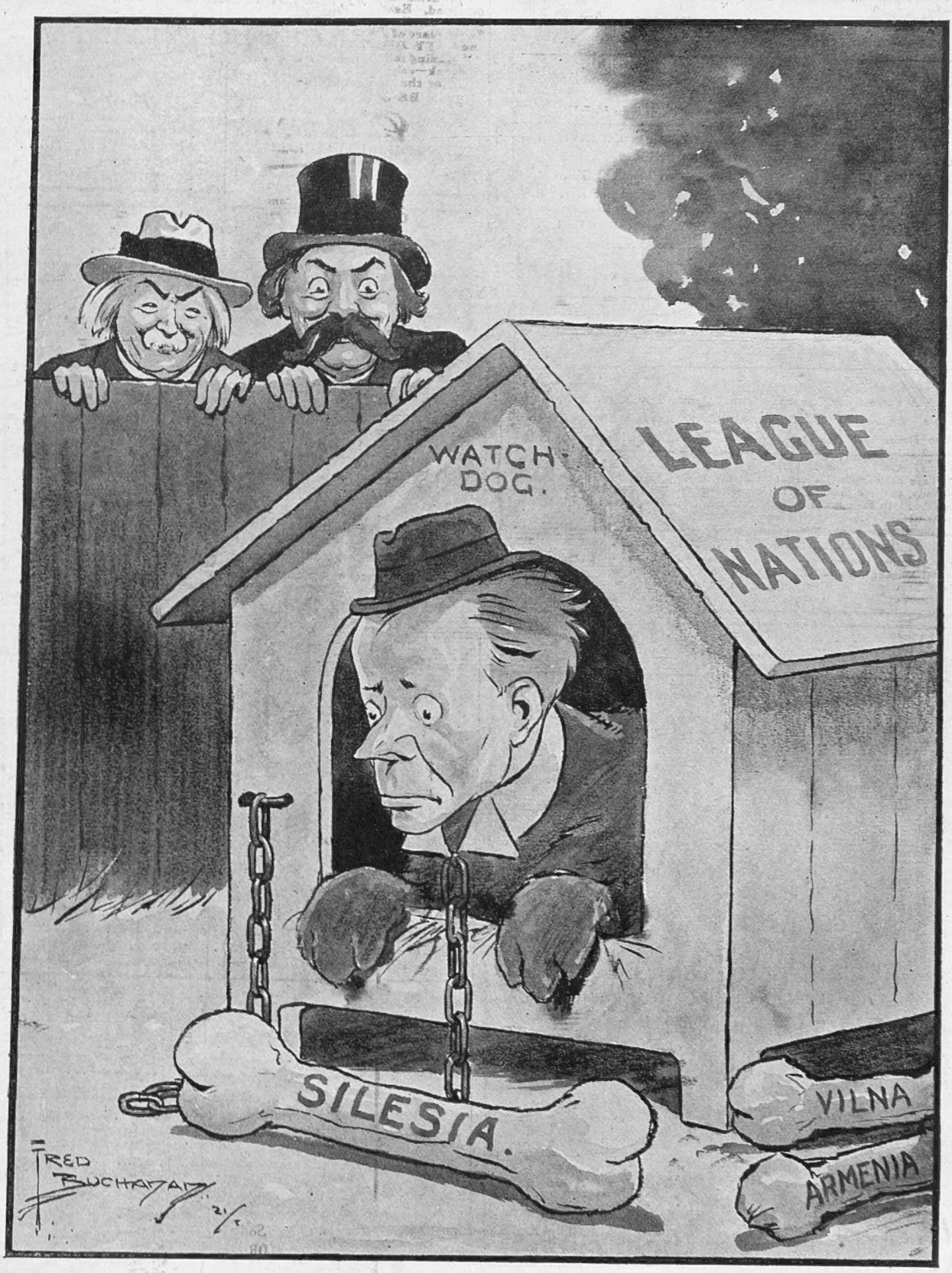
The Bystander, August 31, 1921 No. 926. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER



BY FRED BUCHANAN

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Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.

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With AGNES SOURET, France's Most Beautiful Girl.
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Mon., Wed. & Sat., at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Fri., at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
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PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
in a Pierrotic Entertainment in 2 Parts.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS., MON., WED. and SAT., 2.30.

STRAND. Nightly at 8.30. THE TRUMP CARD
A Farce by Arthur Wimperis. MATS., THURS. & SAT. at 2.30.
Kyrle Bellew, Jack Buchanan, Eric Lewis, Norman Page, John Deverell, Margaret Bannerman. 'Phone Ger. 3830.

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WIVES AND CHILDREN OF UNEMPLOYED EX-SERVICE MEN

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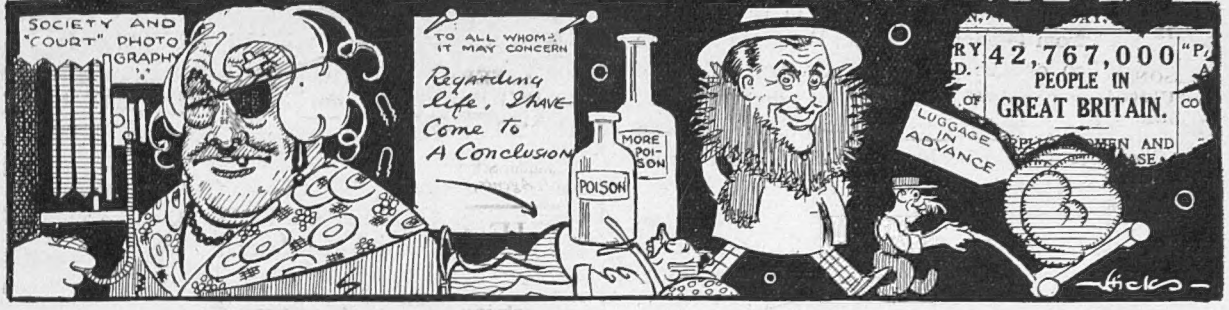
BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Your eyes photographed is the latest fad
There's a suicide wave creeping o'er us

Carpentier's coming to Town we read
While the Census returns are before us

By Victor Hicks

Ears Worn Openly!

A lady's ear, so I read, was seen in the West End of London one day last week. It was not in a shop window or in any way detached, but was being worn openly by the lady to whom it belonged. The alert observer of this phenomenon hied him to a ladies' hairdresser, who led him to believe that by the late autumn women's ears will have fully emerged from cover. Will this lead to a storm of protest from modest-minded people who for a long time now have had the female ear hidden from their sight? The V-necked blouse, the elbow sleeve, the transparent stocking, because they revealed what had for a considerable time, but not always, been hidden, have been, as we all know, mercilessly attacked. Shall the ear escape scot-free? Why should it be more favoured than the shin, the elbow and the collar-bone?

Our Ex-Soldiers in the Spanish Army

I wonder what the late Kaid Sir Harry Maclean would have thought of the rush of British ex-soldiers to enlist in the Spanish army for service against the Moors. When a captain in the 69th Foot, then stationed at Gibraltar, young Maclean in 1874 accepted the post of instructor to the Moroccan army. Before long the Sultan Mulai Hassan was paying him a salary of £7,000 a year, and the young captain was one of the most powerful men in Morocco. Under the next Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, he actually was the power behind the throne. The army adored him, and the Sultan did nothing without consulting him. Unofficially, he represented Great Britain in Morocco, and was made a K.C.M.G.

Bagpipes in a Drawing Room

It was at this time that I knew him, and later, when he came to live in Hampstead. He was well on in years then, but, although he had lost an eye, he was still as hard and as tough as most men a generation his junior. He looked and spoke like a typical Scot to the very last. I have often seen him in full Highland kit, with his bagpipes under his arm, marching up and down a London drawing-room and blowing away at Strathspeys and other forms of bagpipe melody. It was then, I think, that he enjoyed himself best in England.

An Awesome Instrument

Like a good Scot he had introduced the bagpipes to the Sultan. His Majesty was delighted with them, learned to play them himself, and commissioned the Kaid to get him a set of the most gorgeous gold-mounted bagpipes that money could buy The Sultan was so pleased with them that he presented Sir Harry with a duplicate set of the awesome instruments. It was on these, of which he was very proud, that I used to hear Sir Harry play.

By MacMichael

"HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Chaliapin to Visit Us?

At the moment it does not seem very clear why any difficulty should be made in this country over a visit from Feodor Chaliapin, the great Russian basso. When one thinks of the strange and more than dubious people whom we have admitted since the Armistice it is hard to understand why a man like Chaliapin should be banned. It is true that he has been "singer-in-chief," so to speak, of the Bolshevist "Court," but he had no choice in the matter—with Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky it is doubtless a choice between singing and being shot. The Bolshevists have from the start posed as patrons of the arts—singers, actors, and artists of all kinds have in many cases actually been allowed to live, if and how they could, and a good many people have managed to escape from the ghastly country by posing as such. Chaliapin, the idol of Russian audiences, was, of course, too valuable an asset either to injure or to lose in any other way. I rather wonder they are willing to let him go now.

A Different Man

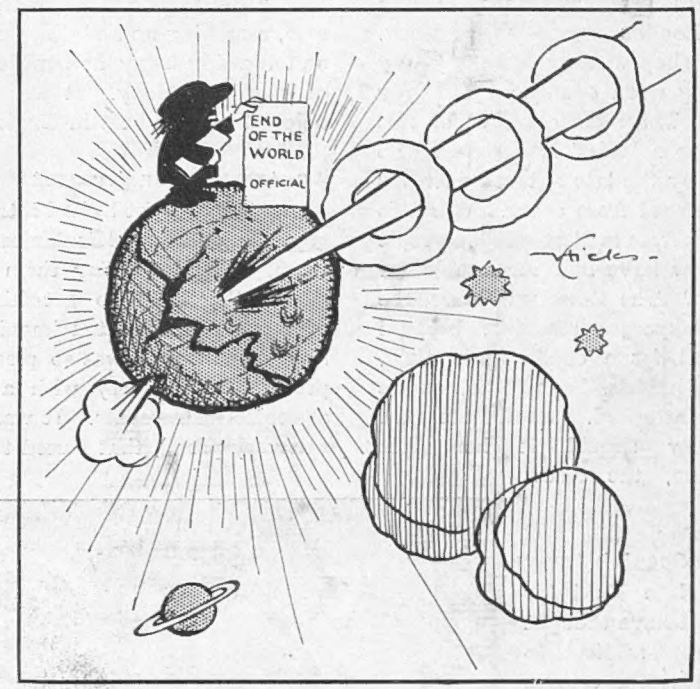
I heard a little about Chaliapin a year or so ago from a Russian gentleman who had just escaped to England after fearful suffering and experiences. An amateur artist himself, this gentleman claimed to be a professional painter, and for some time was allowed to live in two small rooms at the top of his own house with his wife, two children, and an infirm old servant woman. During this time he saw a good deal of Chaliapin, who was an old friend of his. Chaliapin, he told me, had aged a great deal, and was very unhappy. He was singing to large and enthusiastic but very ignorant audiences. Often he thought of London and Paris, and longed to sing once more to the cultured and truly appreciative audiences he had known there, but which no longer existed in his own unhappy country. At these times he would be saddened by the thought that, even if he were able to go again to England and France, they perhaps would not receive him, would regard him as an enemy, as a Bolshevist. His friend would try to comfort him—but apparently Chaliapin's forebodings were well-founded.

Swear as You Will

Not all our liberties have gone! The Stafford magistrates have decided that so long as only the police can hear you, you are at liberty to use obscene language to your heart's content. I wonder whether the same freedom is permitted in the presence of police magistrates? In London, too, Mr. Forbes Lancaster has rebuked the police in his Court for prosecuting users of bad language, apparently because they could not prove that it had offended anybody. To railway compartments labelled "Smoking," should now be added some marked "Swearing," "Obscenity," and so forth—thus will be protected the liberty of those who do and those who do not like either or both.

"The Language of Diplomacy"

France, I see, has been putting forward a plea that at the international conference to be held in Washington next November the old custom of French being used as "the language of diplomacy" shall not be departed from. Whatever may be pretended, it is pretty certain that English—and the American brand thereof—will be more used at this conference than at any former ones of the same kind. More than ever before on such an occasion English was used at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919. Our Prime Minister, though bi-lingual, is no French scholar, and President Wilson is even less. It is safe to assume that President Harding has no French. We are fond of blaming ourselves for our ignorance of other languages than our own, but, as a matter of fact, a great many more English people know French to varying extents than French people know English.



By Victor Hicks

THE "PRESS" OF POPULARITY

The precise date of The Bystander's holiday

Awkward for an Ambassador

As for Americans, any knowledge of French amongst them—I do not count the few Parisianised—is very rare. Mr. Davis, recently Ambassador here for the U.S.A., often used to lament this. He confessed that times out of number he felt woefully "out of it" because he had no French. It was, he said, as great a drawback on social occasions as on public. At diplomatic dinners, luncheons, or receptions he would often find himself in, but not really of, the company. Suddenly everybody round him would be speaking French—and he might as well have been absent, or deaf and dumb. But if Mr. Lloyd George goes to Washington in November, and, indeed, even if he does not, President Harding and his 100 p.c. Americans will see to it that a lot of English is spoken—somehow.

"Block-Houses" for "Bookies"

By E. T. Reed

What Racing Is Coming To

Of course, those patrons of the Turf who are so fortunate as to possess *hereditary armour* will find it *most useful* on the race-course in the near future

"The Right to Live"

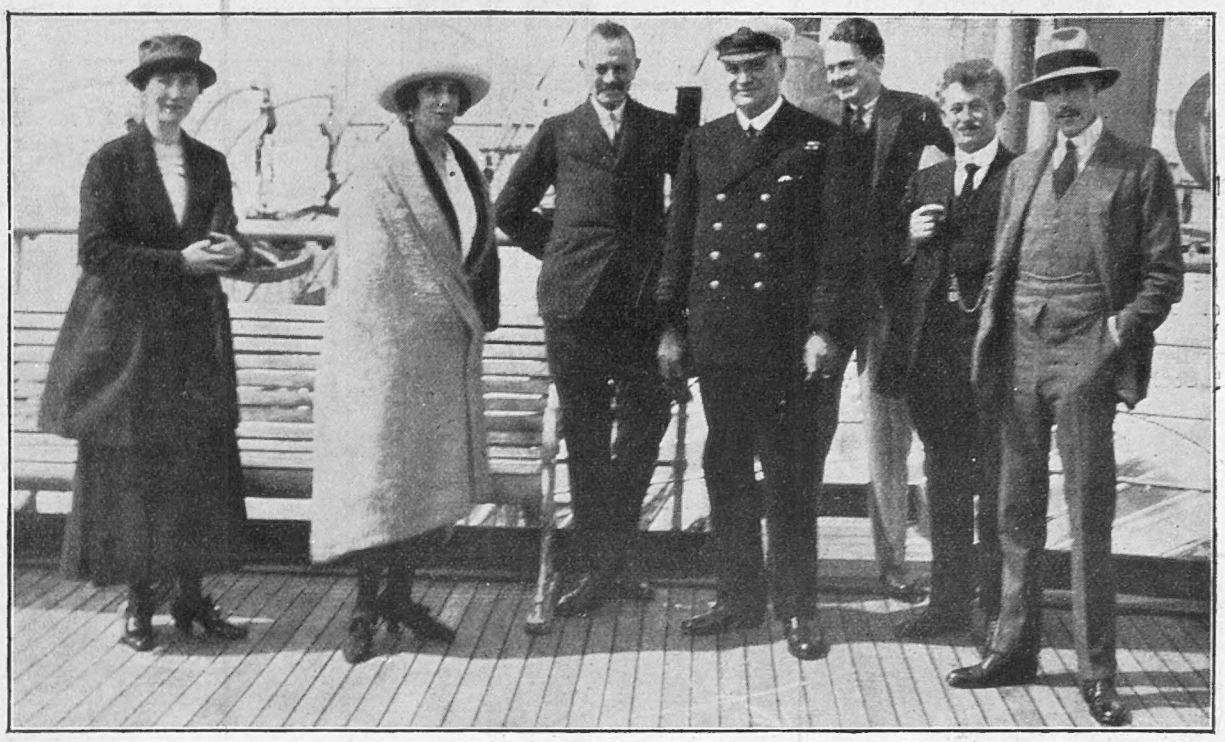
Dr. Wilson's proposals in regard to lethal chambers for the incurably unfit and diseased may be very humanitarian and all that, but their adoption would, I am afraid, lead us somehow into temptation. Consider, for a moment, all the people, fit or unfit, you would like to see qualify for a painless and everlasting sleep. I, for one, could make up quite a lengthy list! And once the idea took root in the public mind that under certain circumstances, one might be eligible for such a "Black List," the thing might spread to other sorts of unfitness besides those of the body. That would, of course, be all right provided a proper discrimination were used—my own list, for example. But then, one might find oneself on somebody else's—no, it won't do at all!

Daughter of the Bolivian Minister

Photograph *Lafayette, Ltd.*

SEÑORITA BALLIVIAN

The beautiful daughter of Señor Don Adolfo Ballivian and Mme. Ballivian, who has just left for Washington with her parents to join the newly appointed Bolivian ministry there. Mme. Ballivian entertained a great deal for her daughter during the past season while her husband was Minister Plenipotentiary in London



Photograph] LORD BYNG EN ROUTE FOR CANADA *[Central News*

Lord and Lady Byng, with their entourage of aides-de-camp and secretaries, and Mr. Neil McLean, M.P. for Glasgow, on board S.S. "Empress of France" en voyage for Canada, where Lord Byng will take over the Governor-Generalship. From left to right can be seen: Miss M. R. Walpole, secretary to Lady Byng; Lady Byng, His Excellency Lord Byng, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Commander E. Cook, R.N.R., Captain the Honourable W. D. H. Jolliffe, A.D.C., Mr. Neil McLean, M.P., and Captain the Honourable F. W. Erskine, A.D.C.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Where People Are

IF you believed all you read in the newspapers you would think that one half of the world *qui s'amuse* was in Scotland and the other half on the gay *plages* of France. But most of the English watering-places—both the places where you take your gout and your *embonpoint*, and the places where they have waves, sands, a promenade and a bandstand—could tell you a very different story.

Myself, I am not of a sufficiently enquiring turn of mind, but those excellent folk who are could tell you that the notices of departures from London in the Court columns of the *Times* and the *Morning Post* show that the biggest proportion of the *fine fleur* are holidaying somewhere within the confines of the kingdom.

To begin with, all the peers who are members of the House of Lords are remaining within easy reach because of possibilities in the Irish problem. The same reason applies to Members of the House of Commons. The possibility of a sudden summons to St. Stephens may keep them in the country, but it doesn't prevent one or two of them from getting married like Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen.

"A Round of Visits"

I SAW in a newspaper the other day that a certain lady was going to Scotland on her "usual round of visits." She is a lucky woman. The "usual round of visits" for most folk exists no longer because the houses which they used to visit have been either sold under pressure of taxation or their owners can no longer afford to entertain. I suppose if you are assiduous in making the acquaintance of the very new and warly rich you can go on a "round of visits"—to houses where, in other days, you were the guest of a very different sort of host and hostess.

It is surprising what a number of people there are—own sons and daughters to a "first-class Earl who keeps his carriage"—who will gulp down anything, even if it came originally from ultimate Whitechapel or further Bermondsey, in the shape of a host so long as they get "all the human frame requires—breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea," with a soft bed, a properly equipped bath-room, bridge,

Photograph *Alfieri Picture Service*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

Who opened the gala and fête at Ascot in aid of the Church Army Fresh Air Homes, with his hostess, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, in whose grounds at Sunninghill Park the fête took place

shooting, and luxury with a gilt-edge upon it thrown in.

Madame la Duchesse

THE great announcement of the week is the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon's daughter to the Duc de Crussol, the son of the Duc and Duchesse d'Uzès. The d'Uzès are one of the oldest families in the old French *noblesse*, and Mr. Gordon is a very rich man amongst rich men. Apart from mere pennies, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gordon, as they are generally known, have been great figures in Society for many years.

It was at their house in South Audley Street that Caruso got a thousand-guinea fee for singing at a concert which was *the* event of that particular season. Bets were made in the clubs as to what it actually cost. With Réjane coming over specially from Paris—if I remember rightly Caruso did the same—Mischa Elmann, and a *diva* from the Vienna Opera House, it must have reached a pretty figure.

Actually the concert was more a matter of wonder than pleasure, for Caruso—who could not lessen the volume of his voice—nearly blew the audience off their chairs.

The future Duchesse de Crussol and one day Duchesse d'Uzès has inherited the striking good looks of her parents.

The Orléans Family

THERE was a great gathering of the Orléans family at the beautiful Château of Randau in the Auvergne for the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier and the Vicomtesse de los Antrines. The Duc de Montpensier is the youngest son of the late Comtesse de Paris, and consequently the brother of Queen Amélie of Portugal, the Duchess d'Aosta and the Duke of

Photograph *Topical Press*

ROYALTY AT DEAUVILLE

The King of Roumania with Madame Stoicesco on the Plage at Deauville, where Society still bathes and babbles

Photographs] **THE KING IN SCOTLAND** *[W. A. Rouch and W. Dawson*

His Majesty inspecting the Gordon Highlanders, who formed a guard of honour, on his arrival at Ballater station on the way to Balmoral Castle. The Duke of York can be seen passing down the lines. Inset is the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who will have the honour of entertaining the King and Queen at Moy Hall for the partridge shooting in September

Orléans, who lived for so many years at Wood Norton.

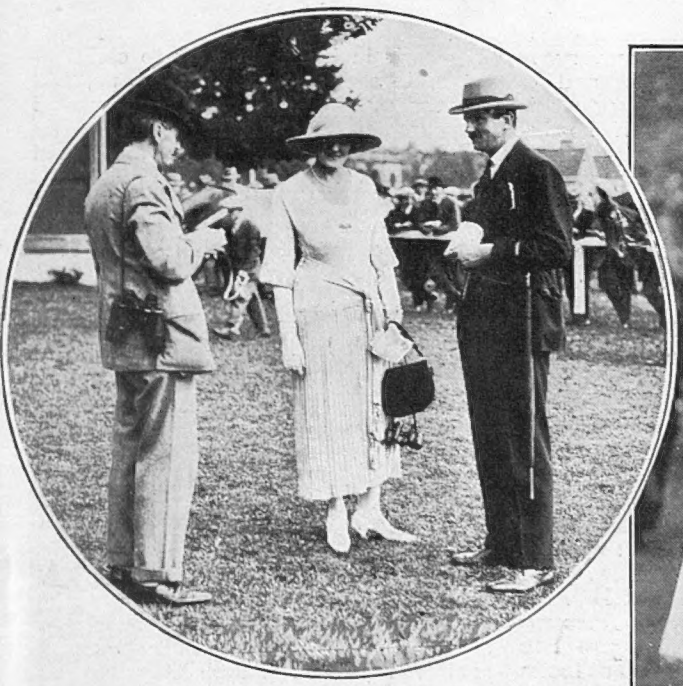
Randau, one of the most superb *châteaux* in France, was part of the vast property owned by the Comtesse de Paris. She left it to the Duc de Montpensier. None of the Comtesse de Paris' daughters share their mother's love for cigars. At Randau, and at her place in Spain, the spectacle of the Comtesse de Paris striding along with a gun on her shoulder and a strong cigar in her mouth—preferably the kind the Italians call *toscani*—was so usual that it excited no comment.

Hitherto the Orléans family has clung very tenaciously to the rule that Royalty may only mate with Royalty, but the new Duchesse de Montpensier's quarterings are as many as those of most princesses,

Photograph *Sport and General*

BETWEEN DRIVES

Grouse this year has been especially plentiful and most of the shoots provided good sport. Major Morrett, Sir Frederick Milbank and Sir Guy Graham, who have been shooting over Sir Frederick's land, Barningham Moors, in Yorkshire



Photograph *Sport and General*

IN THE PADDOCK

The Hon. and Mrs. George Lambton with Lord Stanley at York Races last week, when "March Along" won the Ebor Handicap for the Stanley House stables

and she comes of the "bluest blood" in Spain. As the years pass by, the chances of the Orléans dynasty ever returning to the throne of France become more and more slender, so I suppose the younger members of the family feel that they can indulge in a little democracy, and seek their mates outside the charmed circle of Royalty.

Family Documents: How to Save Them

EVERYBODY who is not an out-and-out Socialist or Communist must deplore the gradual breaking-up of old family properties and the sale

RACING AT YORK

Colonel Lingland and Lady Newborough walking to the paddock after witnessing Lord Derby's "March Along" win the Ebor Handicap by a neck after a thrilling race. A hundred yards from the post "March Along" was nowhere!

Photograph *G.P.U.*

AN AUGUST WEDDING

The marriage between Mr. Alfred Bowker and Miss Isobel Brett took place last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Sir Thomas Lipton, on the right, was a guest at the wedding

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Sir Thomas Reedham Berney, Bart., M.C., leaving St. Paul's, Langleybury, near Watford, with his bride, Miss Estelle Irene Dawson, after their wedding

of country houses. The process is going on far more generally than most people imagine. What it means to whole countrysides only those with knowledge of English country life can gauge fully. In some places the disappearance of "the family" from the "big house" is disastrous.

This breaking-up of properties and sale of houses likewise has another effect. It means the loss of valuable documents and records. You can quite understand that if a man has been forced to sell the home of his ancestors, owing to the present pressure of taxation and leaping expenses all round, he can't care very much about the charters and deeds concerning a property that is no longer his. Even if he has a sentiment for them, in nine cases out of ten he has no room in a small house or flat in which to keep documents going back, perhaps, two or three hundred years. So naturally he burns them.

Sir Frederick Kenyon, the Director of the British Museum, has drawn attention to this hitherto overlooked circumstance, and offers the hospitality of the Museum to all papers and documents that the Museum may consider worth keeping from the point of view of local or national history. So those of you who are forced to sell your abodes and contemplate burning your family deeds, papers, etc., send them first to the British Museum.

Avoiding Duties on Documents

Sir Frederick also makes another suggestion. He says that if papers are deposited on loan at the British Museum and the public are allowed to see them they escape estate duties. This should be a help to some people; and many others, perhaps, would like to lend their estates to the British Museum if the same principle could be applied to earth and houses as it is to documents.

Must They?

One of the most unpleasant features of the Humber disaster has been the way in which certain daily newspapers have regarded the bringing of the sad news as a "scoop." They have attempted to make capital for themselves out of an occurrence which cast a gloom over the whole of England and America. There is, surely, no great merit in being the first to carry sad tidings. Of course, it is "news," and the public want news, and want it early. But stories about a two hundred and fifty mile motor ride with pictures of the scene of death of forty-four brave men, followed by delicious "cups of tea in the office" at the end of it, make most of us feel, quite literally, sick.

Photograph *Thomson*

Photograph *Lafayette*

"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED . . ."

MISS ROSAMUND MILDRED ROBERTSON

Field-Marshal Sir William and Lady Robertson's eldest daughter, whose engagement was recently announced to Lieutenant W. Lockett Agnew, R.N., attached to H.M.S. Ramillies

THE HON. MRS. VANDELEUR

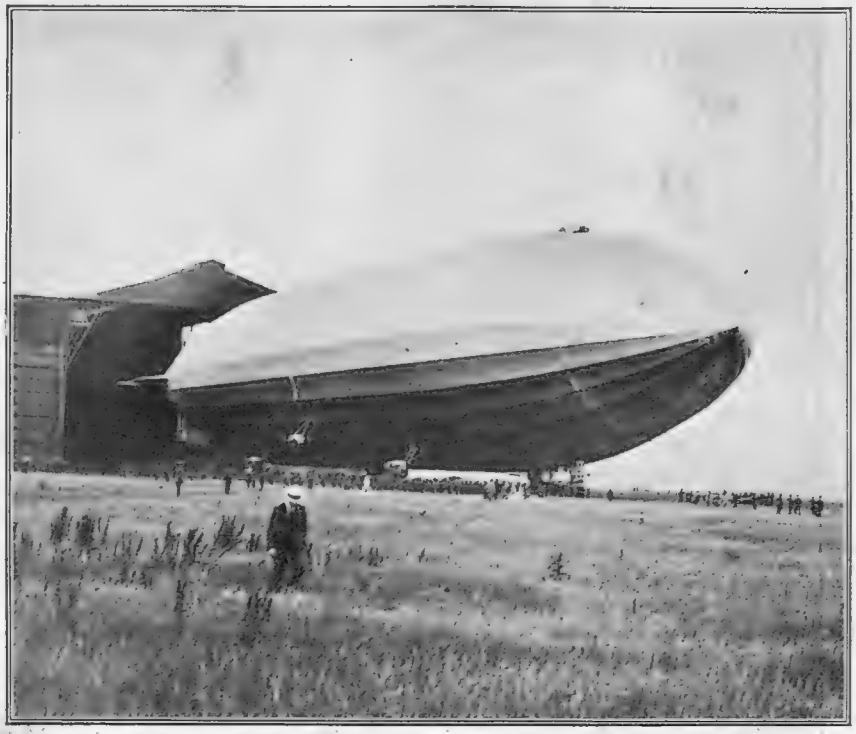
Eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, of Kirby Hall, York, whose engagement was recently announced to Major Algar Howard, M.C., of Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire

A Tragedy of the Air

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AIR-COMMODORE MAITLAND, C.M.G., D.S.O.

One of the bravest of the many brave men who have given their lives in the cause of aeronautics. He was one of the first real pioneers of aerial navigation



Photograph *Topical Press*

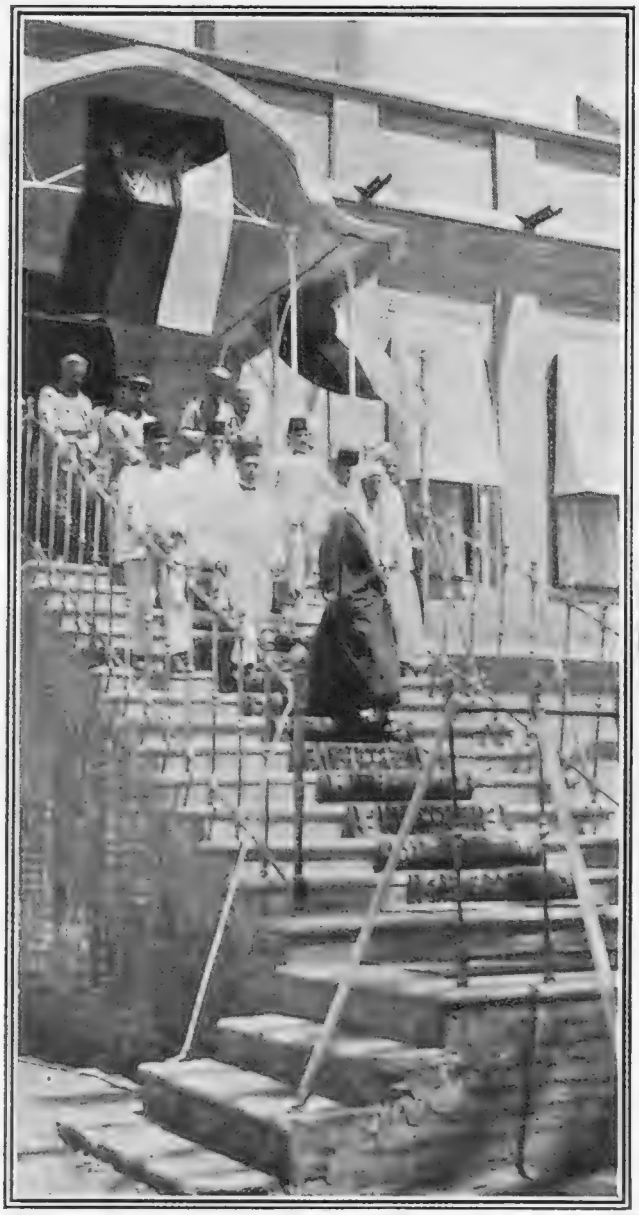
R38's LAST VOYAGE

The mammoth airship photographed leaving her shed at Howden before flying to Pulham, during which voyage the faulty structure proved unable to bear the immense strain

Photograph] **THE END** *[L.N.A.*

A twisted, broken mass of metal and fabric, ten minutes before the greatest airship in the world; a turn of the rudder, a sudden crack in the structure, a spurt of flames, and this giant of the air was hurtling to doom and inevitable destruction

Emir Feisal Crowned King of Irak



HIS MAJESTY
Leaving his temporary residence for the Coronation ceremony

SIR PERCY COX
And the Emir Feisal returning after inspecting the Guard of Honour

Photographs *Topical Press*

SIR PERCY COX ARRIVES AT BAGHDAD

Greetings between the new King of Irak and Sir Percy Cox, High Commissioner of Mesopotamia, on the latter's arrival at Baghdad. The result of the referendum showed an overwhelming majority of the electorate in favour of Emir Feisal being made King, and the Coronation took place last week in the courtyard of the Government Buildings, Baghdad, at six o'clock in the morning, amidst great demonstrations of enthusiasm

Russian Roubleaires

M. Popoffolowski, the multi-Roubleaire. Is said to control at least 1000000000000000 Roubles (about 4/6 in our currency)

M. Mugwumpoff, the other Millionaire, cannot estimate his wealth, but its now nearly enough for a new suit of clothes

Serge Gawki, said to have made more than 1000000000 Roubles by his writings (about half a tram fare in our money)

Ivan Snackski, who has just inherited 900000000000 Roubles and in consequence went to the fish shop round the corner

Bruce Bairnsfather

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

BIG MEN IN BOLSHEVIC FINANCE

In "Christopher Sly"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS WINIFRED IZARD

Who is playing in Matheson Lang's new production of Giovacchino Forzano's "Christopher Sly" at the New Theatre. Miss Izard made a big hit in "The Wandering Jew" when she took over Miss Lillah McCarthy's part

THE EDGE O' BEYOND

AT THE GARRICK

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

It takes this play a good deal of time to get off the mark—a whole act to be precise. The delay in the movement is doubtless due, however, to the desire to create first of all the necessary Rhodesian atmosphere, which is certainly very convincingly suggested in due course. We are first introduced to Billy's Hut in Rhodesia. Billy has two partners, and they are all supposed to be engaged in the farming industry, though they would seem to have a distinct predilection for sprawling at full length on packing cases, and drinking whisky-and-soda at noonday. I have always understood this last to be an imprudent habit.

Billy's partners are named respectively "Beauty" and "Ugly Bug." I do not suppose that these were the names given to them by their godfathers and godmothers in their baptism; but we get no other clue to their identity. Their nearest neighbour is a self-sufficient young man named Oswald Grant who kicks his animals and bullies his wife. But Mrs. Oswald Grant is indifferent to her husband's ill-treatment of her since she has just become a mother, and life, which was formerly a desert place to her, now blooms as the rose, or something of that sort. The sensation of the first act is the arrival at the Hut of Billy's sister, Dinah, who has come to pay the partners a brief visit.

As the arrival of a sister on the premises, important as the event is, hardly suffices to fill an act, some comic business is introduced, doubtless so that we may have time to assimilate the local colour. For instance, two of the partners wear grimy shorts, scarcely reaching to the knees of their very brown legs, and a pointed comment on the scantiness of their attire is good for two laughs at least.

Then Dinah washes and starches some clothes. One of the stock jokes of the world relates to a lady who starched her husband's pyjamas; and this joke is duly worked in here. Later on, the pyjamas are brought on and are shown to be as stiff as a piece of cardboard, and in carrying them round the stage one of the players creates more amusement by tripping and falling. Then Kaffir "boys," being called on to serve tea, walk on in the attire of seaside minstrels, and that helps to fill up the time a good deal. But although humour of this kind does not actually convulse me with mirth, it is right that I should record the fact that it was all received with shrieks of laughter on the occasion of my visit. The authors of the play evidently know very well what the thinking public wants.

DORIS LLOYD AS JOYCE

BASIL RATHBONE AS DR LAWSON

With the second act the real movement of the play begins. Miss Ruby Miller who, as Dinah, is merely a frivolous butterfly in the first act, becomes a strong and well-defined character. Her dainty appearance and charm of manner naturally bring about her a swarm of admirers, and there is one in particular, Ted Burnett, who is an old friend of the family, and whose overtures are backed by brother Billy. Burnett is in Rhodesia because he loves the country with its wide spaces, rich sunsets and great silences. Dinah thinks she could stand that sort of thing for a little while; but she feels that it is a little too far away from the London season and Paris frocks, and the nicer amenities of social life. Still, the plain honest love of Burnett is not a thing easily to be forgotten, even though life for her in Rhodesia is not to be thought of. Besides, there is the awful example of Mrs. Oswald Grant for instance. Everyone pities the poor woman for her loneliness and for the rough treatment she receives at her husband's hands. Dr. Lawson, a visitor from London, who helped to bring her baby into the world, goes farther than that. It is written that pity is akin to —love; and even if it had not been written someone would probably have mentioned it over the garden fence. Mrs. Grant, however, while thanking him for his kind and not altogether unwelcome attentions, means to stick to her husband as long as possible. This much, though, she will agree to—if she should ever be in serious trouble, she will call Lawson to her.

Then, to the general regret, Dinah leaves the Hut and its neighbours and returns home. Dr. Lawson, who is a Harley Street man, sails with her, and in due course we meet them again in London. In the meanwhile a tragedy occurs in the little community Dinah has left behind in Rhodesia. One stormy night Mrs. Grant dashes through the driving rain to the Hut tearfully imploring that one of the men will swiftly ride away for a doctor. Her baby is ill; and her fatuous husband, with almost incredible brutality, declines to turn any of his precious horses out on such a night for what

he regards as an entirely unnecessary journey. In his opinion the baby is not ill at all. Grant even follows his wife to the Hut to bring her back home, and about the same time news comes that the baby is dead. The acting of Miss Doris Lloyd as the unhappy Mrs. Grant reaches here a very high level of excellence indeed. The agonised mother turns with hysterical fury upon her now subdued husband, and lashes him with shrieking condemnation till her emotion overcomes her and she falls fainting to the ground. It is an extremely powerful display of acting, and the applause is deservedly torrential.

THEN we come to a London drawing-room. Dinah is back once more in her own world, with all the little luxuries that are so necessary to her within easy reach. She tries to forget Rhodesia and its roughness and discomfort, but she cannot keep her thoughts from straying in the direction of the sturdy, upstanding man she has left behind at the edge 'o beyond. One of her London admirers is Major Egerton, who is reasonably good-looking, middle-aged, and very rich; and it is understood that in the majority of cases the ladies ask for no more than that. But when the Major proposes,

CHARLES CARSON AS TED BURNETT

Dinah is obliged to refuse him; and he thinks he can guess the direction of her thoughts. Speaking to her in a fatherly way, he advises her for the sake of her own real happiness to go back to Rhodesia and give Burnett another chance. But Dinah, who now no longer disguises her feelings, very naturally protests that she cannot do anything of the kind. It would seem so awfully obvious, wouldn't it? The answer, as they say in another place, is in the affirmative. So what can the poor girl do?

THE riddle is solved by the obliging god from the clouds. Dr. Lawson hands to Dinah a cable he has just received from Mrs. Grant. Her baby is dead, and this is her call to her friend. While Dinah was in Rhodesia Mrs. Grant came to love her very dearly. Dr. Lawson suggests that Dinah should accompany him back there and play the part of nurse to a stricken mind. To Dinah the idea is at first impossible; but she wrestles bravely with herself, and somewhere about the tenth round she emerges triumphantly from the fight and announces that she will go where duty calls, or words to that effect.

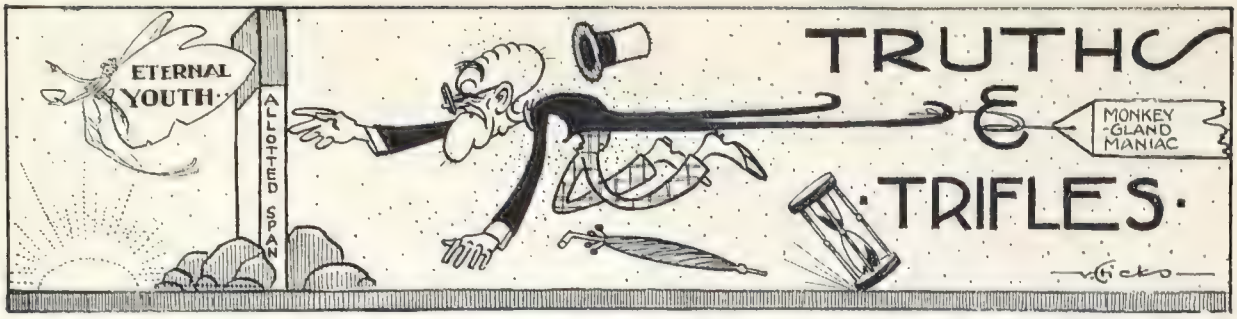
THE acting of the play throughout is of unusually high quality; but Miss Ruby Miller's performance in the later scenes is of outstanding merit. The gradual evolution of the frivolous and worldly girl into tender and devoted womanhood is exceptionally well presented. The spirit of the play, with its very proper tribute to our men at the outposts of the Empire, is expressed with a fine virility; and it is not without its usefulness in these unsettled times. I hope the production will prove to be a popular success. JINGLE

JAMES LINDSAY AS MAJOR EGERTON

NAPOLEON FLORENT AS BLOCKHEAD

RUBY MILLER AS DINAH

MARTIN LEWIS AS BEAUTY



THE OBSTACLE RACE

By Victor Hicks

AN ODE OF THANKSGIVING

[*To the New York doctor who has successfully planted on his own head several hairs taken from a woman's head.*]

I give my thanks, O transatlantic wizard,
For this great news, and hope that soon my head,
So long infertile, unbayrummed, unscissored,
Will bear rich fruit instead.

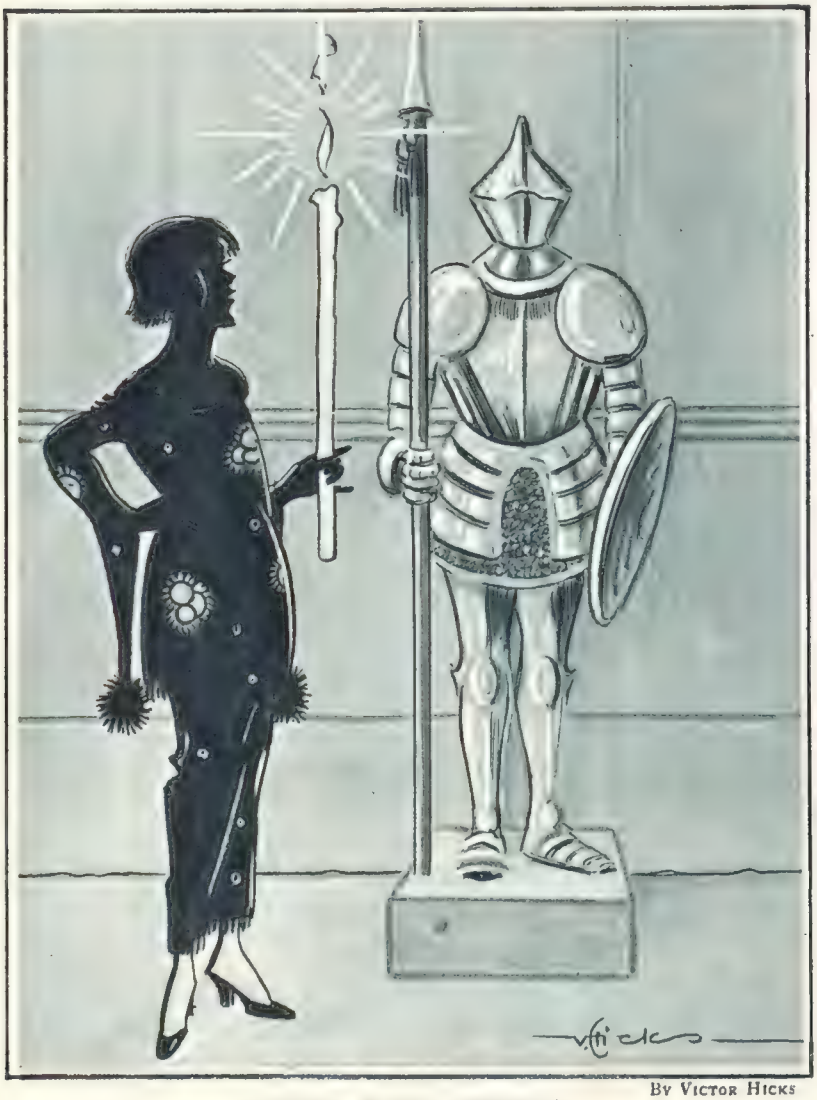
Some fair Belinda's tresses I shall mark down,
And, having seized and brought a handful home,
With glue and awl I'll put a pleasant park down
Upon my desert dome.

I like this simple boon that you have granted
To all who suffer from a naked nut,
First catch your hair (a female one) then plant it,
And if a youthful strut

Returns in consequence of this wise action,
Perhaps these female tresses will impart
A kind of strong capillary attraction
To draw a female heart.

Perchance some bald Mactavish or Mackenzie
May start collecting hairs both bright and dull,
And end a life of patriotic frenzy
With tartan on his skull.

T. B. N.



By Victor Hicks

"NIGHT, NIGHT, KNIGHT!"

ALL IS NOT LOST

Our cherished Singles Championships
At tennis take their annual trips;
The Polo Cup has for a space
A transatlantic resting-place;
The "Ashes" we proposed to seize
Are booked for the Antipodes;
Athletic Swedes have won a stack
Of championships to carry back;
A Yank, although a Scot by birth,
Has shown us what our golf is worth;
Pro tem. the Diamond Sculls are Dutch;
The Thames Cup is in Norway's clutch;
But though in every sporting test
We seem to come off second-best,
One fact our waning pride should thrill—
At losing we are champions still!

E. L. Roberts

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

"Why Passports?" queries an evening paper. We concur. They might pass the whisky and other (Entente) "cordials" as well!

* * * *

"Premier's Straight Deal for Germans and Poles," announces a headline. We understand that the ex-Kaiser has applied for a few lengths to practise on!

BY BERT THOMAS

HIS PARENTS

FOR THE DEFENCE

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN

THE ink on the new deeds of Mutimer's Farm was hardly dry when Mr. Denis Rycroft presented himself at the gate. He had driven the six miles from the station in old Griffiths' dog-cart, and he was visibly annoyed when I explained that the Mutimers had migrated *en masse* to New Zealand.

"I was given to understand," he insisted, "that one could obtain rooms here."

"There are several rooms vacant," I admitted. "I've never attempted to cater for paying-guests before, but if you don't mind sharing the attention we give to poultry-rearing and intensive culture we might manage."

He didn't mind, and when I'd explained the position to Harriet, our general factotum, the Rycroft bag was carried up to the big attic, which he chose because it overlooked the orchard, and I scarcely saw my paying-guest again until tea was served.

It was then that I learnt that he lived in Chelsea, and had come down into the country to finish a book. He didn't enter into details, but the next day I discovered that he was "John Weald," who'd written a best-seller called "Disillusioned," and other novels.

At the end of the first week I asked him casually how long he thought of staying at Temperley. He said vaguely that he didn't know. And three more weeks passed, and he made no further allusions to leaving. And I knew he wouldn't go—yet—for several reasons. One reason was that the new book wasn't finished. Every morning he'd settle down to write—and in the evening tear up most of what he'd written. Another reason was *me*.

One evening, when the sky was like indigo velvet, and a big yellow moon was rising over the elms in the lane, I came through the dining-room to the verandah, and found him staring blankly at the view. He got up when he saw me, dragged forward another deck-chair, and said in a strained, unfamiliar voice, "Will you sit down? I want to speak to you."

But I didn't want him to speak—yet.

"You've read this, of course?" I said, and produced a copy of "Disillusioned." It had been left at the house that morning. He'd no reasons for supposing that I knew "John Weald" and Denis Rycroft to be one and the same person.

"Yes." A smile twitched the corner of his mouth. "As a matter of fact, I wrote it."

"Really. . . . Isn't there a split infinitive on page 11?" There wasn't, so far as I knew, a split infinitive in the book, but I knew he was absurdly punctilious about such things, and I wanted him to open it.

He began turning the pages feverishly. An envelope I'd been using as a book-marker caught his eye. The envelope was addressed to Miss Daphne St. Ledger, near Temperley.

"Hullo!" he said, staring.

"Does Miss St. Ledger happen to be a friend of yours?" I asked, carelessly.

"Friend?" he echoed. "You see the newspapers?"

"Not often, I'm too busy."

"Then the fame of Miss St. Ledger——"

"Fame?"

"I should have said 'notoriety'—hasn't reached you?"

I dropped back in the deck-chair. The shadow of the verandah hid everything except my profile; when I leant back it hid that.

"Tell me."

"A few months ago, Miss St. Ledger was the breakfast-table topic of half London. Jokes were made about her in the revues; one of the yellow weeklies issued a poster with her name in letters five feet high."

"How horrible! But who was she?"

"The daughter of an engineer who made a quarter of a million out of an aircraft invention, and died soon afterwards. The girl herself is well educated, young, and—judging from the blurred snapshots that appeared in the illustrated dailies—not bad-looking."

"You never actually met her?"

He shook his head. "But those who did credited her with what is known, I believe, as a 'magnetic personality.'" He spoke grudgingly.

"That," I said, "must be frightfully annoying—for the other women; but it hardly seems to justify posters five feet high."

"She showed herself totally ignorant of the rules of the social game."

"A beginner's permitted to revoke—once."

"But not to cheat. Among my acquaintances was a man we'll call Bayfield. Three years ago he married a girl from one of the Southern States. I gather that she was high-spirited and intolerant——"

"You haven't met the American girl?"

"No. But her statements concerning Miss St. Ledger——"

I leant forward in my chair.

"It seems to me, Mr. Rycroft, that for a member of the sex which prides itself on fair-play to judge a woman he's never seen, on the evidence of another woman, whom also he's never seen——"

"Counsel for the Defence—Miss Delia Payne. I appreciate the point. But let me finish the story. It's quite short."

"A short story," I quoted, "should be distinct from the mere anecdote."

"True. But to continue. Bayfield became friendly with Miss St. Ledger. His wife, in a sudden accession of jealousy, went back to the States, and there succeeded in obtaining a divorce. The case went undefended: Society——"

"Society duly recorded the fact against Miss St. Ledger?"

"It did."

"And she?"

"Ignored the whole business. Bayfield himself obtained a post in India; his wife married a cousin in America a few months later."

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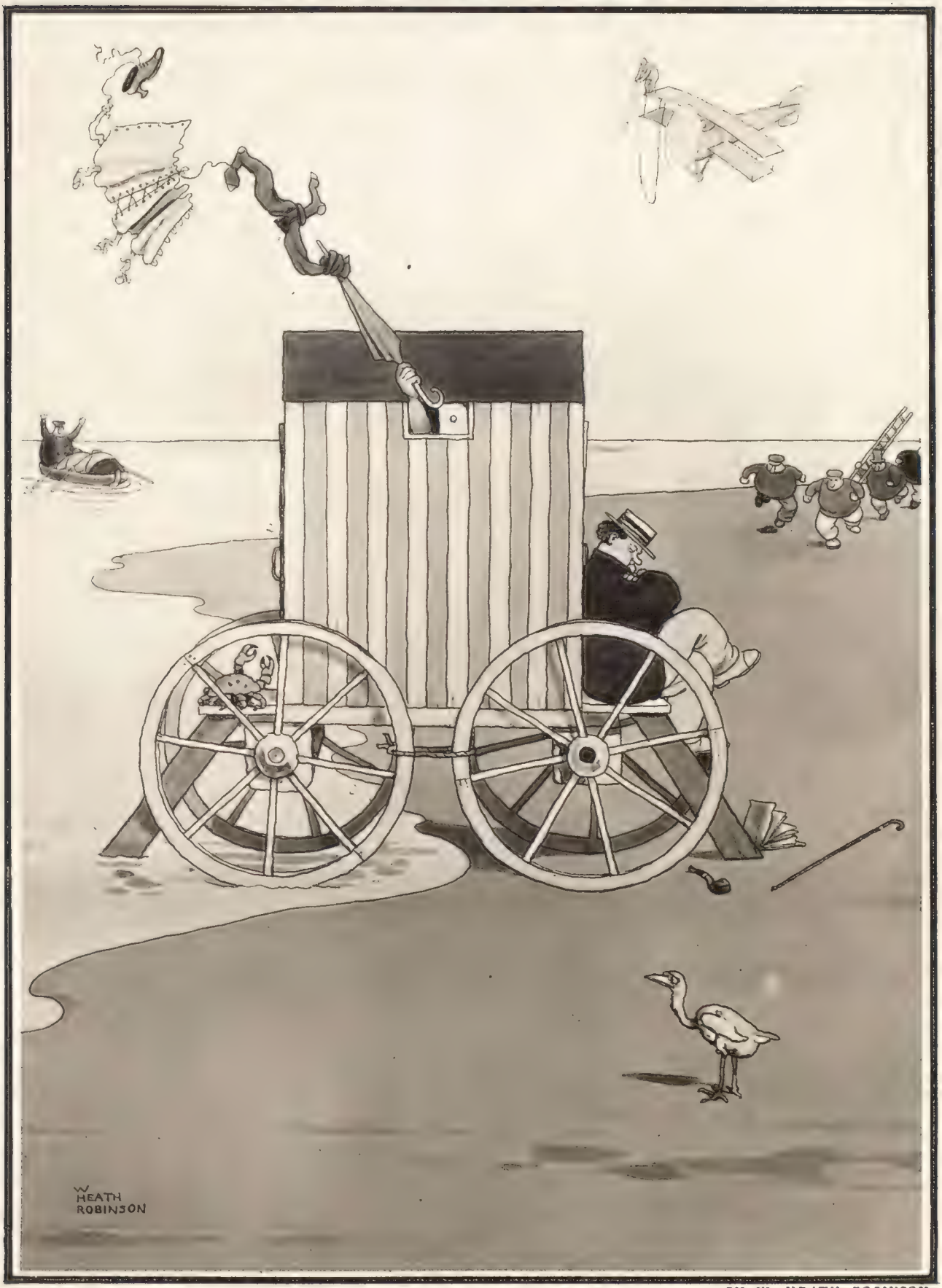
(Continued on page 444)

A Bathing Tragedy



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

S. O. S.

"FOR THE DEFENCE" (*concluded*)

"Then, still as Counsel for the Defence, may I make a suggestion? That your friend had discovered that his wife cared for her cousin from the first, and that, unless she regained her freedom, there would be endless misery ahead."

"Even then——"

"Wait. Suppose that, in the meantime, he'd learnt to know and trust Miss St. Ledger well enough to tell her the whole wretched story, and that she deliberately took no action, with the quixotic idea of giving him a chance of obtaining his release?"

"That, my dear young lady, is the wildest speculation."

"The wildest speculation isn't always unprofitable."

"But Society had other charges to bring. I've told you that old St. Ledger left a quarter of a million. His daughter became interested in bridge. Naturally she found plenty of people to instruct her. At one sitting she is reported to have involved herself and her partner in a loss of nearly twelve hundred pounds."

"Mightn't the fault have been her partner's, too?"

He shook his head.

"Her partner on this particular occasion happened to be Lady Sollenstein, who plays extraordinarily well and whose luck was above the average. No, the thing was due to deliberately atrocious play."

"I've heard of the Sollensteins, if you mean the millionaires. Who were the other players?"

"Jimmy Hazel, a boy lately down from Oxford, and a Miss Fitzaubry, who was spending her first season in Town under the Sollenstein wing."

"Were they well off?"

"Neither of them."

"Isn't it conceivable that, with some feminine ideas of justice, Miss St. Ledger may have tried to refund an amount which she knew that neither of her opponents could afford to lose, and which they wouldn't—or couldn't—borrow?"

"The point hadn't occurred to me."

"Nevertheless——. Are there any other charges?"

"One. And after that we'll talk of pleasanter things. . . . In the beginning of the year Peter Ashingham, a boy of twenty, home on leave from Egypt, met Miss St. Ledger at some charitable function or other, fell idiotically in love with her, and proposed. She wouldn't listen to him, but he persisted. She ended the situation by calling on the boy's mother, giving a brutally frank *résumé* of what had happened, and returning his presents there and then."

"And the mother?"

"Rang for a footman to show the visitor out of the house—and took care not to let Peter out of her sight until the expiry of his leave, a day or so later. After which—*finis* Miss St. Ledger."

"But suppose—merely suppose—that there's been no other method of getting rid of the Ashingham boy? Suppose that that 'magnetic personality' you spoke about had made its victim proof against everything except ridicule?"

"Suppose what you please—and forget her." His tone changed: "Do you know why I haven't been able to do a decent day's work since I came here?" Without waiting for an answer he covered my hand with his "Delia, is there anyone else?"

I shook my head.

"Then won't you give me my answer?"

"But do you think," I said, doing my best to keep my voice steady, "that you and I have known one another long enough for you to understand the real *me*?"

"If the man has the key to a woman's heart——"

"It doesn't follow that he's the key to her character."

"Love is a key that unlocks every cupboard."

I tried to laugh.

"We're talking like people in a play. And this isn't a play."

"My dear, it's the very oldest drama in the world."

"But listen. If Miss St. Ledger—this girl who disappeared from London, because Society elected to turn its narrow, sneering, unforgiving back on her—should happen to have been a dear and intimate friend of mine——"

"It would make no difference."

"——Is still my friend?"

"I might be sorry; but even then——"

I drew a letter from the envelope. "Will you read this?"

He read it. I was glad beyond anything that the shadow hid my face. If he'd seen it he might have pitied me—and pity would have been intolerable. I knew the letter by heart. It covered half a page, and ran:

"DEAR DAPHNE,—*I hear that you're still intrigued with solitude and the charms of rural existence. Is it true that Rycroft, the novelist and rising politician, is vegetating in your neighbourhood? . . . The Sollenstein woman called yesterday, and fished desperately for information, but I kept the secret of your incognito and retreat.*"

He crushed the paper into a small, hard ball, and flung it away. And the sound of its fall seemed the only sound in the world.

"I've been a fool—an unconscionable fool! I ought to have known that no woman would have defended another as you've done. . . . But I've loved you from the first, and shall always love you. Daphne, do you care?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"And all of what you've told me is true?"

"All."

"Then for every word that's wrung your heart, for every cheap and clumsy sneer, you must let me try to make amends."

"Have you thought what this may mean to your career?"

"My career won't have any value unless you share it."

"Your friends——"

"They'll have only the shadow of friendship to offer unless they're your friends as well."

I opened the book again, and from a page near the end took out the other half of the sheet of paper. On it was a postscript—a woman's postscript—"*My love to Delia Payne. I expect you see her fairly often—Mutimer's Farm is only a mile or so from your lodgings, isn't it? From the time you were at school together she's always been your loyalest friend.*"

"Daphne sent me the letter when she lent me the book," I said.

He let the paper slip through his fingers.

"Why—why did you let me think——?"

"I was afraid. I wanted to be sure, I didn't know——"

"And now?"

"*Now*," I said, "you may kiss me."

WILLIAM FREEMAN

A New Portrait

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

LADY GRIMTHORPE

And her two sons, the Hon. Christopher Beckett, who will celebrate his sixth birthday very shortly, and his younger brother, the Hon. Oliver Beckett. Lady Grimthorpe was formerly Miss Mary Archdale, daughter of Col. Mervyn Archdale, and was married in 1914 to the 3rd Baron Grimthorpe, who is partner in the well-known banking firm of Beckett & Co., of Leeds

A WHITE

BY WILMOT LUNT

TE SALE

Prussic Prudish Proprieties

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BAD BERLIN

THE Pruss may not be torturing himself with War-Penitence, but he has got a new, desirable, and edifying Propriety fit. He finds things *schocking*. Before the War, said cantankerous critics, the improper Pruss was more improper than the Frenchman; and the proper Pruss (if he existed) was more proper than even—the Englishman. To-day, millions earn the second reproach. They had an overdose of revolutionary ART FREEDOM; and now they want the other thing. They have discovered, as the readable poet Milton said, that—

"License they mean when they cry Liberty,"

that—

"Der Mensch ist nicht geboren frei zu sein"
"Man is not born to be free,

as their own readable rhymster, Goethe, said. And so they're throwing overboard one after another all the ART FREEDOM gained through the glorious, uproarious Revolution of mild 1918.

THAT is entirely against expectation. "*Eine Zensur findet nicht statt*"—the Censorship is abolished—said the neat Constitution; and all men rejoiced at the FREEING OF ART. Yet to-day, the Censorship is re-established. The Immoral Movie started this reaction. For six months after the LIBERATION OF ART, the movies simply whizzed with Bad Strong Men, Maids who Took the Wrong Turning, *Schlafzimmer* Scenes, and dreadful pseudo-didactic cinema-moralities. Heroes were always Counts or owners of entailed estates (*Rittergutsbesitzers*), who spent their days, and presumably also their nights, in dark plush pyjamas. They dressed up to their rank. Their lady fellow-sinners undressed down to their rank. For six months I stated, the Movies hissed; but after that things got a little too hot; and then all the people who had vowed that FREE ART is a good thing suddenly concluded that Movies are not ART; and the Censorship was re-imposed.

THERE has raged storm after storm over plays. First came Schnitzler's *Reigen*. It is a safety play. Vicious Vienna started the row, but Bad Berlin came next. In Vicious Vienna bands of new-baked Progressive Puritans raided the theatre; and had their way at last, for the Police compelled withdrawal of the play. Here *Reigen* also ran; but citizens who ten years back would have rejoiced at dishing the bludgeon Police protested violently; and some got thrown out.

Photograph *Lawrence Picture Service*

RIVER REFLECTIONS

A WORSE row took place over the lively playlet, *A Parsonage Comedy* in the Unter den Linden Little Theatre, which displays not inconceivable weaknesses of the unwed parsonical caste. Blonde Lucie Höflich did such things as the parson's cook that hordes of fierce citizens raided the theatre; and seven lawsuits followed by interrupters who were thrown out, by theatre bullies who were beaten when throwing out, by ladies who lost their opera-glasses and by ladies who merely lost their tempers. One of the litigants, a real live professor from Munich, was acquitted on the ground that the *Parsonage Comedy* was rather too much for anyone to bear.

LIKEWISE have there been rows over the stage frailties of parsons. This parson dates from mediæval times, and he is played by fat but plastic Paul Wegener, and by the same blonde Lucie Höflich. In this play, *The Privilege*, the "Cloth" is sadly stained before the curtain falls. The dialogue in *The Privilege* would — well. So there are more fierce protests; a group of Reichstag members announce that they will propose a restored Censorship also for the Theatre; and University Lector Reich of Bonn affirms that Germany will go under unless she get "Sittenkultur" — Propriety Culture. All these are Progressives. The old Tory-Junker-Monarchists, once Propriety-Culture's bulwark, thunder against "the new Radical-Socialist threat to FREE ART"; and prove beyond doubt that ART was freer and nakeder under Wilhelm the Wicked.

IN part it's business. A vast export of Germanic plays and films to good-exchange (*valuta-stark*) countries is planned; and the only good-exchange countries worth mentioning are Proper England and More-than-Proper Amurrica. The biggest film concern here, the Universum, says that Amurrica wants German films because her own Amurrican films have No Soul, but adds that Amurrica will reject German films if German films have no clothes.

Mespot Messes

[The Arabs and Bedouins are, we understand, getting to work with the war equipment we have left behind]

BY LIEUT-COL. E. G. O. BEUTFLER

No. III.—A HYDRO-GLISSEUR PATROLLING THE RIVER EUPHRATES

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

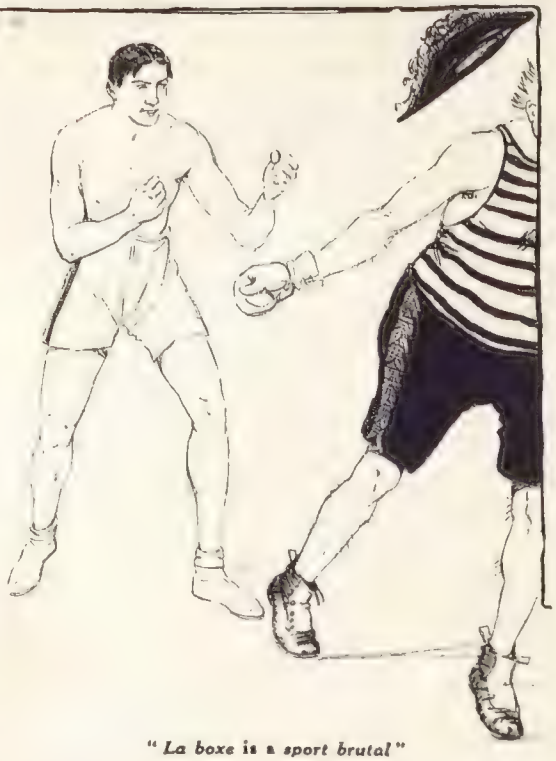
ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

THE "IMMORTELS" TAKING TO SPORT

MES AMIS—

THERE is one who has said, "Ha! ha! M. Paul Souday, I shall have you." And if he has not already had, he is at the least well upon the way. "But who is M. Paul Souday, anyway," does say *mon cher ami anglais*, "and why does One want 'to have' the old thing?" And it is thus that I have to explain that I have already tried to make quite clear who and what is M. Paul Souday, when I have described the sad effects of the Carpentier *défaite*. M. Paul Souday is "*the*" *intellectuel*. He has to that extent confessed. If there is one in the whole of France who is a more greater *intellectuel* than M. Paul Souday—well, M. Paul Souday does not know of him. Now that it has been made simple for you who precisely is M. Paul Souday, it is the time to recall why One has wished to "have" him.

IT has been because he has said the things about *le sport* which *les sportingmen* have considered to make necessary the *revanche*. Both before and after the fight of Georges Carpentier with Jack Dempsey, M. Paul Souday has written the bitter things about the *boxingman*. It does happen that by profession M. Paul Souday is a critic. He has the task to criticise for *Le Temps* the books and the plays, and, also, the life. It is this occupation which has given to him the belief that he has the right to criticise *le tout et partout*. And if there is one thing that he does criticise severely it is *le sport*. M. Paul Souday would rather starve in a garret to write the verbose criticisms (in the most correct French) than to make a fortune by the indelicate employment of the *coups de poings* like Georges Carpentier. He has used the most graceful phrases which can call forth his pen to describe the *beauté physique* of Georges because that the resemblance to the Grecian gods has enabled one to recall the classics. But he has declared that *la boxe* is a *sport brutal* and that the *intellectuels* must make campaign against the sports, which have distracted the attention of the thousands from the ancient literature.



"*La boxe* is a *sport brutal*"

SO the *sportingmen* have been of the most furious against the *intellectuels* (who have joined the campaign of M. Paul Souday) until one of them has thought of a plan which is much better. He has decided to create an Academy of the Arts and the Sports, and he has had the success. Already of the list of enrolment are the names the most brilliant, and if M. Paul Souday does not hasten he may, perhaps, be the only one *exclus*. When the castigator of the *sportingmen* shall read of the tussle *palpitante* of M. Henry Bordeaux (red and white stripes) and M. Emile Boutreux (red jersey, blue pantaloons) in the *cent mètres* he will be green with the jealousy. For when *le sport* has the favour of the

(Continued on page 452)

"Which he had shared with the *chasseur*"

Good-Bye!

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

ON THE SOUTH DOWNS NEAR SALVINGTON

A charming snap-shot taken near Chanctonbury Ring, the highest point in Sussex, which can be seen in the distance—a dark clump on the right

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

Academicians of such fame it has the hall-mark.

THERE is another of these writer persons who has made the campaign. But it is a campaign which will probably have the support of the *sportingmen*. One has, at any rate, the great difficulty to see among what other class of people he may hope to discover the supporters. It is a campaign to permit the husbands to have a number of the wives instead of just the one. That does seem to require that the husband shall be a sport. He will have to be accustomed to take the chances and be not afraid of the terrible odds. This very serious advocate of the polygamy has declared that his proposal is the only means to save the population of France from to-disappear. It has appeared that he has wished to begin the experiment with the farmers. There are not enough people in the country, he has said, to till the soil, for the labourers have departed for the cities. The only way, he has insisted, is for the farmer to have sufficient children of his own to look after all the acres, but this he will be unable to do unless he shall be permitted to have more than one wife. There are many farmers, he has asserted, who already have given up their farms because there have not been enough pairs of hands available.

IT must be that there are others in support of this theory besides the writer who has been mentioned, for a jury has dismissed a man who has been convicted of the bigamy. But though there may be much to be said in favour for the farmers—who have the advantage to produce their own food—it is most difficult in these times of *vie chère* to see how it can be attempted by the not so fortunate sections of the community. It is the proposal of the writer that a man shall have as many wives as he is able to maintain. But it has recently seemed that most of the husbands have the hardships to maintain the one who is legal. For even the millionaires have shown the signs to feel the pinch. One has observed at the fashionable *plages* where are two restaurants—one *à la carte* where the dinner will cost one hundred francs, and the other a *table d'hôte* at thirty-five francs — the millionaires have chosen the *table d'hôte*. And if the millionaires do not have the money to spare for the best dinner, it does not seem probable that they will waste their *économies* on the additional wives. I think the promotor will have to wait until Germany shall have paid the bill for the reparations before there shall be the money to spare for the purpose.

"They will waste their *économies* on the additional wives"

AND this does not seem likely to provide the money for France for a long time. There has not ever been in the history of the conjurers of the world such a vanishing trick as that of the German milliards that are owed to France. Each time that they appear on the point to materialise it is found that they pass into the pockets of someone else.

A FINNISH lawyer has tried to explain to me how this is done, but I am afraid I have not well understood. Perhaps it is because of the circumstances. They have been certainly not helpful for to do the mental arithmetic with the milliards. He has arrived—the Finnish lawyer—in Maxim's at half-past one of the morning. I do not know if he has come immediately from Finland, but he has declared to have but just arrived in Paris. And he has celebrated his arrival with a call for a bottle of the oldest *porto rouge*, which he has shared with the *chasseur*. One has seen that he has belonged to the race of the Northmen, but when he has been asked what is his nationality he has cried, argued, and repeated, "Eskimo." Despite that this has been almost the whole of his vocabulary he has made friends with *tout le monde*, for his contentment has been infectious. And when he has taken the violin from the leader of the orchestra, the remainder of the players have pursued him like the faithful retainers through the mazes of some unknown air from the icy wastes. It has been good violining, however (really clever accompaniment, too, one must add), and at the close of the second number there has been competition from all the tables to have the stranger join in a glass of champagne. His favour has alighted upon the nearest, and that is why I have had his views upon the mysteries of how to reparate with the vanishing milliards. It has all seemed quite simple to him. But has left my friends and me quite bewildered. One has come to the conclusion that it must be due to the difference between old port and champagne.

ROLAND

THE HAT

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

BY VERA TAYLOR

VIVIAN saw it by accident. At least, she said she did. As a matter of fact, she had been looking for it for some days. It was poised on a stand a little apart from the others like a flower that prefers a solitary spot to the mingled glories of the herbacious border.

Vivian paused. In a moment a graceful being in black was at her side. Was madam wanting a hat? Could she show madam some? Just looking round. Certainly, madam, and she moved again to one side, but her eye was watchful like that of a hawk whose prey is near.

Vivian hesitated. Then—

"How much is this one?" she asked, "it is very pretty."

"Five guineas, madam; it is a sweet little hat, a French model just in. Madam would like to try it on?"

"Oh, no; it is far too expensive, I couldn't *possibly*, but it *is* nice, so absolutely simple."

"It is madam's colour——"

"Oh, yes, I know, it is just what I want. Have you nothing cheaper?"

Yes, she had some cheaper ones. She opened drawer after drawer, and brought them out. Vivian tried on one or two, but did not like them. She began to grow restless in the warm, scented atmosphere. She longed to run out into the street and melt into the crowd. At that point the being glided off into a corner to find another "sweet little hat, just the thing." Vivian began to smooth her ruffled hair before the mirror, but as she stretched out her hand for her own hat and meditated escape she saw reflected in the glass before her the French model on its slender stand, temptingly, provocatively close. To seize it and put it on her head was the work of a moment, but she started guiltily when a smooth voice broke in upon her excited senses.

"Ah! now that is the hat for madam."

"Yes, but I can't buy it."

"But it was made for you—the colour, the shape!"

Desperately Vivian began her final argument.

"Now, would *you* spend that amount on a hat yourself?"

"If it suited me so well, and I had the money—yes."

"But I haven't the money."

The being spread her hands and gave a little smile. Probably her thoughts expressed would have been, "Then you were a silly little fool to come in here!"

Vivian took off the hat and put on her own. The being gracefully returned the cheaper ones into their various drawers, then stood holding the French model as Vivian struggled into her gloves.

"I could have worn it with anything!" said the girl, regretfully, as she picked up her bag.

"Would madam like to think it over?" Here was a touch of real human feeling.

"You mean you could keep it over for me till to-night?"

"I could put it aside."

"Thank you, then I will come in again," rapidly regaining her dignity as the evil moment was postponed. Then she swept out of the shop without a backward glance, hating everybody, even the sedate old porter who opened the door for her.

In the street she breathed again as she dodged the traffic. Then she had a cup of coffee at a teashop, and made rapid calculations on the back of an envelope. "It would mean not getting that coat and skirt which I really need, and it is madness to spend all that on a hat. Then there is the journey home. Of course, I can't do it—how comfortable it was—I should not like anyone else to have it—"

Thus she argued with herself throughout the day. Sometimes, when she saw a particularly pretty

By Victor Hicks

HIGHWAYS, BYWAYS AND SIDEWAYS

The Bend that leads to Bigamy

"THE HAT" (*concluded*)

hat on a girl's head she wondered where she had got it. Had it, too, stood on a slender stand apart from the rest and called to the unknown girl to aid her beauty and her chance in life?

She gazed down from the top of an omnibus and watched the steady procession of hats, the reds and royal blues, emerging with sudden brilliance in the sunshine to be hidden again between the greys and blacks.

Once she went into a large, cheap hat shop, and stood a few minutes watching what seemed to be a host of little, insignificant women pulling out wisps of hair from under plain, unbecoming brims, or turning to kind friends and beseeching them to look from a different angle and say what they *really* thought.

Here there were hats piled mountain high marked 9*s.* 11*d.*, or "Special Value, 5*s.* 11¾*d.*"—all colours and all sizes. But each one that was paid for and hurried into a large paper bag to be worn out among the masses that did not count mattered to someone.

Five o'clock found her back again with the smiling being in black, surrounded by carefully placed mirrors and the soft, becoming light which is characteristic of the Bond Street milliners. Everything was suggestive of wealth and ease. Even the noise of the traffic outside the folding doors was subdued to a quiet hum like that which betokens the approach of a smoothly running motor-car up a well-kept drive. The working world was shut out as effectually as by iron bars, and to Vivian, tired and hot, the hats surrounding her appeared like bright birds mocking her from their perches.

She picked up the French model, and, with battle in her heart, faced her temptress.

"Is it possible that it could be reduced?" she asked, boldly.

The being's eyebrows expressed mingled surprise and horror.

"Ah! no, madam, we never reduce our models. Perhaps we could *copy* it for a little less."

"No," said Vivian, desperately, imaginary weddings and garden-parties chasing each other helter-skelter through her mind. "I want this one!"

The being's eyebrows went up even further, but she took the hat and vanished into a far corner, from which the girl heard a low consultation, then she returned, smiling graciously once more.

"I must apologise to madam," she said, "there has been a mistake, a very careless one on my part—this is really a 3-guinea hat, and as a great favour we will allow madam to have it for 55*s.*"

"Oh!" said Vivian, quite taken aback, "that is very kind of you."

Once more she put on the hat, the being watching with a patronising smile.

Then an amazing thing happened.

"I don't believe," said Vivian, very slowly, "that it suits me, after all!"

"Madam!" cried out the being in consternation, "it suits you beautifully."

"No," said Vivian calmly, all her enthusiasm for battle, conquest, and possession dying away, "it would not really do for what I want. I live in the country. This is essentially a town hat."

The being had no more to say.

"I am sorry to have given so much trouble," added Vivian putting on her own hat once more. "Good evening," and she was gone.

The world would be a different place to-day if one of the forbidden apples in the Garden of Eden had fallen at Eve's feet.

VERA TAYLOR

A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE [By A. E. Batchelor

BORED LITTLE GIRL (*just home from the Doctor*): "I do wish you'd change your doctor, Mummy"
HER MOTHER: "Whatever for, darling?"
BORED LITTLE GIRL: "Well, I saw *every one* of those books the last time we went"

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"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by* HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August* 29

DEAR COUSIN—

YES, I'm (very unfashionably) back in London now, owing to "urgent private affairs." Which really *are* rather urgent this time, privately as well as officially. But, of course, you know. . . .

卐 卐

REALLY rather lovely and delightful and amusing, if you have (among other things) some glimmerings of a sense of humour, to be, as they call it, engaged. What a frightful word, by the way. Seems so fearfully prosaic, I mean. Sounds just as if you'd got entangled somehow and couldn't get out of it. Whereas—but never mind. Anyway, rather a refreshing reflection, isn't it? that the two million superfluous women we hear such a lot about should have been reduced by at least one!

"Waiters who ask you if you enjoyed your breakfast"

卐 卐

BUT what a wonderful supply of joyous and (some of them) quite unexpected amusements the aforesaid traditionally blissful state does contain. There's being introduced to prospective relations, for one thing. How eagerly and critically Aunt Mary scans you, ignoring your carefully donned Paris hat, but searching your candid and (for the occasion) scarcely-at-all-powdered countenance for signs of spiritual grace and adherence to her own particular pet religion! How cautiously and tactfully Uncle Charlie cross-examines you, in the hope that you may be discovered to be sound in his favourite subjects of Sinn Feinism and eclipses of the sun!

卐 卐

AND oh! the cheerful and triumphant ordeal of meeting countless sisters-in-law *in posse* when you feel thoroughly and confidently conscious that your frocks, anyway, are beyond criticism, and—well, after that, all your other attributes and qualifications and things can quite well take care of themselves, can't they? Though, of course, there *are* other things too.

卐 卐

NEVER quite realised before, one didn't, for instance, how paltry and unconventional and wrong one's own cherished ideas about things in general were. But it doesn't matter. *They've* got to be scrapped at once, for the moment, anyway, and we hastily begin (under good guidance) to lead a newer and a better life, what? And, really, you know, I do believe it's quite good for one to start afresh and have an entirely new experience of life—when it's all in a good cause.

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THERE are compensations, too. Rather intriguing, *par exemple*—even if also just a shade embarrassing at times—to have *all* the conversation centring round you and your doings just for once. When you're one of the (traditionally) superfluous sex, I mean. As to the *other* gender—well, I *have* heard it's rather different, sometimes, in some ways.

卐 卐

FEARFUL stories, between you and me, have reached my ears of heart-to-heart; not to say cheque-to-cheque, talks about money and things. . . . But don't let's dwell on these sordid, and, after all, unimportant details. Let's start right away planning about where we shall go *afterwards*—which, after all, is the great and important thing.

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DEVON, where there are such lovely coves and bays and where the soft green of the rolling hills and the lovely rich verdure of woods and bushes runs down right to the edge of the sea. Devon, the county of kindly memories, with its soft-spoken

"Ignoring your carefully donned Paris hat"

people and gentle courtesy and flowery, high-banked lanes and rustling streams. Which, if it had Lynton and Lynmouth alone to its credit would be the most blessed of all counties—those altogether exquisite places entirely beyond compare, where there's a sea more delightful than any you ever dreamt of and a little white hotel all furnished with lovely flowered chintzes that has to be seen and lived in to be believed, so quiet and friendly and un-hotel-like it is.

OR Cornwall? Not so sure about that. It's grand and fine and rugged, and all the rest of it, but I'm not sure it's got *quite* the right atmosphere for people who are—well, at peace with all the world. It's rather a cruel county in its way. Handsome, but not exactly inviting, unless you are in a very strong and healthy mood. Though I must confess St. Ives, and the rather wonderful Tregenna Castle Hotel, perched up on the hill close by, have always rather an appeal for me. I do rather love, don't you, being looked after by waiters and people who ask you if you enjoyed your breakfast and whether you liked the bacon and eggs, or if you wouldn't prefer haddock for breakfast next time, or a nice fresh lobster for dinner? They do help, somehow, these little tiny amenities, what?

"Cheque-to-cheque talks"

ISLE OF WIGHT (as we *are* going round the coast searching for the ideal spot)—what of that? Certainly there *is* a little spot called Bonchurch, close to Ventnor, which takes some beating. Only about three, or possibly four, houses on the infinitesimal beach, and nothing particular to do unless you love boating and bathing and don't mind walking some considerable distance for your game of golf. But, all the same, perfectly charming, if you happen to be easily pleased or—which is, I suppose, much the same thing—honeymooning.

OR East Coast? There's always, of course, St. Margaret's Bay, that most wonderful little place half-way between Dover and Deal, which is a perfect miracle to discover on the dull Kent coast, with its trees (just like Devon) running right down to the sea, and a beach unspoilt by piers or any of the other banalities of the usual seaside resort, and just a community of friends who foregather at the Bay Hotel or the little cluster of houses and cottages just around.

ALSO among the chosen spots I would beg to mention (as they say in lawyer's letters) a little Suffolk resort called Frinton, where there is lawn tennis and golf for such as desire more or less strenuous sort of exercises, but where the mere ordinary person (or honeymooner) can perfectly well exist and have his (or her) being in complete contentment, merely by the possession of a bathing hut, wherein most meals are taken and wherefrom a lovely quiet sea, with the most beautiful sands, I think, in the world, can be approached at any time of the day with complete confidence by even the most timid of bathers.

"Then there's Sicily"

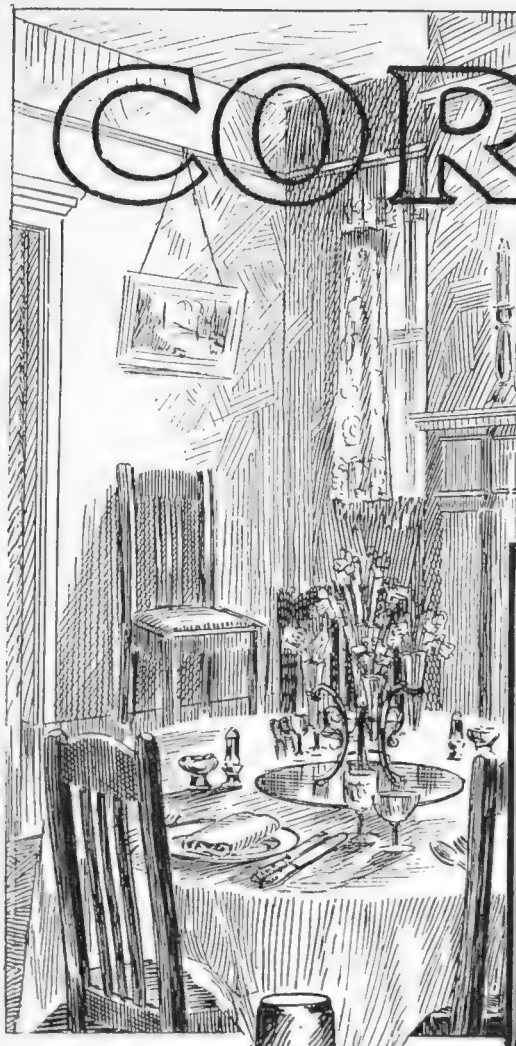
AND then there's Sicily—but no, even in the quest of the ideal spot for the honeymoon I don't think I ought to lead you out of England—now. Though, talking of Sicily, there is a sweet little island just outside the sweetest of Sicilian resorts, Taormina, which is called Isola Bella, and I was reminded of it very surprisingly the other night when some friends took me out to a little restaurant in Soho of the same name.

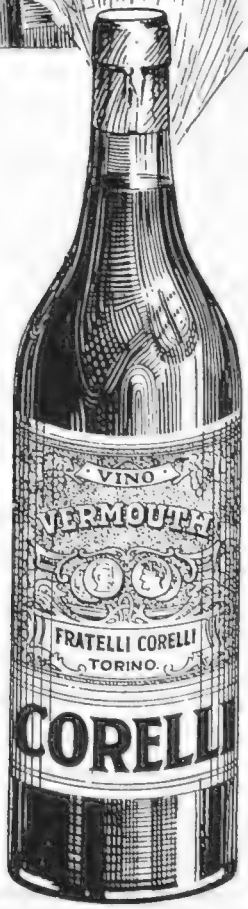
ISOLA BELLA—the beautiful island—it was rather delightful to discover it once more in Soho, in a little place frequented by famous poets and celebrated dancers, where the food is good and the company of the same quality. I'm rather inclined to think, you know, that the most expensive and West-End-ish places aren't always invariably *quite* the best, what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

CORELLI





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GIVE THE POOR BOWLER HIS DUE!

Our artist, being a bowler himself, is the right man to give pictorial expression to the bowlers' reasonable plea for a little more limelight. "The Bystander," by the way, does not admit the soft impeachment—see page 462

SPORTS and PASTIMES

Photograph *Photo Press*

GRASMERE SPORTS: THE POLE JUMPING CONTEST IN PROGRESS

At the time-honoured Carnival at Grasmere the programme has, at any rate, plenty of variety about it. The wrestling bouts, in the style peculiar to Cumberland and Westmorland, though apt to pall upon the unsophisticated, are followed by the natives with rapt attention and thunders of applause. The pole jumping, however, makes a wider appeal, for anyone can appreciate the skill of a really expert jumper

THE "PRESSIMIST" IN SPORT

Lugubrious Lucubrations

I HAVE had occasion to comment before now upon the readiness with which, whenever England is beaten in any athletic or sporting competition, people rush into print with explanatory sermons entitled "Why we lost." These sermons are always of the lugubrious type. No notice is taken of the fact that those who beat us have to be pretty good in order to do so, nor are we told anything much about "why they won." All that concerns the preacher is that "we lost." He asks petulantly what has become of our "vaunted supremacy," which he appears to regard as a thing which can be lost, by carelessness or inadvertence, like an umbrella left in the rack of a railway carriage, and proceeds to enlarge fancifully upon the particular form, or forms, of carelessness of which we have been guilty. We don't trouble to organise, or to take the proper means to encourage and foster young players, or to do this, that, or the other thing which we ought obviously to have done.

Enter An Optimist

ACCORDINGLY when, the other day, I happened to pick up a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, dated August 20, and to find therein an article entitled "Why we lose Sports Championships," I fully expected another sermon of the now familiar type. I was agreeably disappointed. The author, T. C. Bridges, has expressed the view which is probably held by the majority of sane and sober-minded people. He realises that our reverses are trying, but refuses to be downhearted about them, or to admit that through our own negligence or decadence, or whatever you may choose to call it, we are doomed for the future to take a back seat in sport. He reminds his readers (by no means inaptly) that England has borne the brunt of the biggest war in history, that she has lost 700,000 of the flower of her manhood, and from one of the richest has become one of the poorest countries in the world.

The Sporting Spirit

"IF," he says, "we had lost our sporting spirit, then we might despair, but on the contrary there never was a time when it ran higher." The essence of this spirit, he declares, is always to be ready for a contest and never to be despondent about a defeat; to play for the sport of the thing, and to be out to win, but not to hold that winning is the only thing that matters. He expresses the belief that the younger generation are the keenest of us all, and this leads him to prophesy that in a few years when the youngsters now at school have grown up we shall recover every one of the trophies which we have temporarily lost.

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE HON. W. HARE

Son of Viscount Ennismore, who won the event for boys under 15 at the recent Scarborough Lawn Tennis Tournament

The Right Line

THIS is, no doubt, an ultra-optimistic view. Sport is more universal than ever it was, and is going to be more universal still. Consequently, our task will be all the stiffer. But even if Mr. Bridges errs on the side of optimism he is greatly to be preferred, because he is justified of his optimism, to the dismal Jimmies for whose pessimism there is no justification whatever. Whether we win or lose we shall never take a back seat as long as we play the game in the sporting spirit which we have taught, and are still teaching, to the rest of the world.

LAWN TENNIS

The Englishmen in America

SINCE their defeat by Australasia in the Davis Cup the English players in America have competed in several tournaments and have done fairly well, better, in fact, than might be expected of a team

Photograph] A LUCKY ESCAPE FOR P. G. H. FENDER *[Central News*

In the big match between Surrey and Yorkshire at the Oval last week. Fender has unsuccessfully attempted a typical Fender swipe, and the ball has only missed his wicket by a hairsbreadth. A heavy thunderstorm robbed Yorkshire of an almost certain victory in this match, the result of which had an important bearing on the County Championship

which cannot claim to be representative of England's full strength Of the four, Max Woosnam has shown the best, or, at any rate, the most promising form. He has profited by the experience gained in encounters with some of the best American players, and will, without much doubt, return to this country a much stronger player than he was when he left it.

Woosnam's Advance

AMONG the men whom he has beaten are Harold Chapin, a player high up in the American official ranking, and Robert Kinsey, the leading player of California. After beating Kinsey, Woosnam met the ex-champion and Davis Cup International, R. N. Williams, who on his day can beat anybody, and though beaten in "straight" sets pressed him hard all through. Later, at another tournament, he met Vincent Richards, the "boy wonder," who has beaten both Tilden and Williams this year, and who only just failed to gain a place in America's Davis Cup team. Richards won by 6—3, 11—9, but Woosnam was within an ace of winning the second set, and in order to be able to "hold" such players as Williams and Richards he must have made an appreciable advance. It is reported, by the way, that Richards is coming to England next season, and will play with Tilden in the Doubles at Wimbledon.

Lowe's Limitations

GORDON LOWE has not done quite so well as Woosnam. It must be remembered that although he has been chosen for the Davis Cup team before, and is a more experienced player than Woosnam, he had never actually played in the competition until this year, and I fancy that he, too, will come back strengthened by the additional experience which he has been gaining. His trouble has been that his defensive style of game, admirable enough in its way, has enabled him to knock along comfortably enough at the average open tournament in England or on the Riviera, and that it has taken a really capable exponent of the agressive game; like the Spaniard, Alonso, or almost any of the Americans to expose his limitations. His visit to America must surely have taught him that, if he wishes to retain his place on our Davis Cup side he *must* cultivate the all-round game and learn to play a volleyer with his own weapons. The other two members of our team, Turnbull and Gilbert seem to have been almost outclassed when they came up against the leading Americans; whilst in the Doubles Woosnam and Turnbull have been somewhat disappointing. In the Davis Cup tie, though beaten, they put up a good fight against the Australians, Anderson and Todd, but since then they have succumbed to a pair of distinguished veterans, Holcombe Ward and Dwight Davis, who were the Doherty's challengers at Wimbledon as far back as 1902,

Photograph L.N.A.

COX (Sussex)

The veteran bowler who, against Somerset last week, took five wickets in six overs without having a run scored against him

Photograph Central News

A. A. MAILEY (Australia)

Who in the second innings of Gloucestershire *v.* the Australians last week took all the ten wickets for 66 runs

GIVE THE POOR BOWLER HIS DUE! (see page 460)

CRICKET

"The Old Familiar Faces"

A GOOD many people besides myself were probably hoping that the opportunity would be taken of showing a little more originality in the selection of the side to meet the Australians at Scarborough on September 8, 9, and 10, and also of the Gentlemen's side to oppose the Players on the three preceding days. Of course, one realises that a certain amount of concession has been made to the desire to see the younger players given a chance, but a good deal more might surely have been done in this direction with advantage. Unfortunately, there are a number of players whose names, on the strength of their

Photograph] A HAPPY FAMILY *[Sport and General*

Major Ellison and his daughters, Miss C. M. Ellison and Miss P. E. Ellison (cox), who won the Chalk Cup for mixed double sculling at Weybridge regatta. Miss C. M. Ellison also won the ladies' single sculling race and with it the Liversidge Cup

reputations, are household words in cricket, and the admission to a team of someone who is not a household word to the exclusion of someone else who is, involves a departure from tradition which few are prepared to risk with equanimity. The crowd simply loves "the old familiar faces," but what the crowd loves doesn't always count in the winning of matches.

Our Inadequate Best

THE result is that players whose reputations are already made and are not improving with age are preferred to players whose reputations are still in the making, and to whom it is fairly obvious that plenty of opportunity should be afforded for enhancing them. There is no doubt whatever that the standard of first-class cricket in England to-day is not as high as it used to be. If we want to improve it, we must surely begin to cast about, and keep on casting about, for people who are capable of improving it instead of filling our representative sides with men who may still be our best, but whose best is no longer good enough. Of the thirteen players from which C. I. Thornton's XI *v.* Australia will be selected, six are amateurs and seven are professionals. I have every respect for those seven excellent professionals, but as nobody is really going to mind very much if we are beaten, I should dearly like to see a few more of our young amateurs tried in place of some of them.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

E. W. E. HOLDERNESS

The well-known amateur golfer, who recently went round the old course at Walton Heath in 66, thereby beating the existing amateur record for the course by no fewer than five strokes

Photograph] THE CUTTER "INNISFALLEN" *[G. Thurlow Miller*

The crack heavy-weather yacht of Cape Town, owned by Mr. B. Upington, K.C., leaving her moorings for the race in Table Bay for the Harris Cup, which she won. She also won the Brassey Cup, which was sailed for on August 1 in very heavy weather over a 14-mile course

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

An Ebor Thriller

THE finish of the Ebor was a genuine thriller. I stood next to a man who had backed Flint Jack. He watched his horse collar Holbeach near home and come away like an apparent winner. "That's all right!" he exclaimed with relief. But the next moment satisfaction was turned to consternation, for March Along appeared to drop out of the clouds, and in a twinkling had robbed my Flint Jack friend of all his pleasant dreams. A hundred yards from the winning-post March Along was hardly "on the map." But, thanks to Carslake's wonderful horsemanship and the colt's own gameness, the seemingly impossible was achieved. A couple of minutes later we found ourselves shaking Mr. George Lambton by the hand and congratulating him upon his first Ebor for many years. "I knew he'd run a great horse to-day," said the Stanley House trainer.

Tantalising Redhead

MANY people will be glad when Redhead is retired to the seclusion of the paddocks. She is undoubtedly a good mare when at her best, but she is also a bit of a jade, and is liable to let her backers down most horribly. You will remember how dramatically the odds laid upon her at Newmarket last year were upset. We had a repetition of that catastrophe last week on the Knavesmire. Remembering her previous eccentricities I backed Polemarch to beat her, and it was not a little annoying to see Napolyon, the despised outsider, defeat them both. Still, in justice to Redhead, I should like to record my opinion that the filly was injudiciously ridden. It is easy to criticise jockeys, and I rarely do; but I cannot help wondering why Donoghue rode Redhead into the ground in the first five furlongs, yet eased her up before reaching the bend.

St. Leger Colts

POLEMARCH'S failure last week does not speak very highly for his prospects of winning the St. Leger. I certainly expected that he would have no difficulty in conceding 7lb. to Napolyon. Nor does Glorioso's display in the Ebor suggest that he has much chance of carrying off the St. Leger, though I am quite prepared to find that this race will have brought him on to a considerable extent. Nippon was another disappointment last week. Take away Craig an Eran, and what a moderate lot are left in the last of the classic events!

By "The Tout"

MR. A. P. CUNLIFFE

One of the best-known figures in the paddock is a member of the once famous "Druid's Lodge" party. Mr. Cunliffe won the Derby with "Aboyeur" and the Oaks last year with "Charlebelle," who, by the way, has already been talked about for the Cesarewitch

A Bonny Mare

I HAVE supported Westward Ho and Polemarch at long odds, but I have been careful to back them both "each way," for I am convinced that there is nothing likely to extend Craig an Eran on the Town Moor next week. Most of the interest went out of the race when Lemonora was scratched. I wish Love in Idleness were in the St. Leger. She would assuredly make a good show against Lord Astor's champion. What a bonny little mare she is! Although only a pony in height, Love in Idleness has the heart of a lion, and her performance on the Knavesmire last week was deservedly cheered to the echo by an admiring multitude.

Lucky Owners

MR. JOSEPH WATSON is a fortunate man to have secured so many good horses in his first years on the Turf. He has enjoyed "novice's luck" in very truth, and his good fortune is likely to prevail as long as Alec Taylor is looking after his interests. By the way, Mr. Watson could have been seen at Sledmere last week carefully looking over Lady Sykes's yearlings. Another owner to be seen there on the same afternoon was young Mr. Marshall Field, who is also a highly successful racing novice. He is lucky in owning such good youngsters as Golden Corn and Cistercian in his first season. You can rest assured that Mr. Watson and Mr. Field will be among the most active bidders at the Doncaster sales next week.

This Week's Sport

THERE will be plenty of excellent racing this week at Derby and Manchester. The nursery season begins on Thursday, and these two-year-old handicaps offer a rare puzzle to backers. I suggest **Nellisky** as a probable winner of the Devonshire Nursery on Thursday, and I should advise you to keep **Stratford** on the safe side if he is sent for the Elvaston Nursery. The Peveril of the Peak Plate will be very interesting, especially if Leighton runs for it. I am convinced that Mr. Whineray's colt is exceptionally smart, and I would not care to oppose him if he were fancied for this event. My idea, however, is that the winner will come from Charles Morton's stable — **Corn Sack** or **Aclare.**

Further Selections

IN the Palatine Nursery at Manchester on Friday I think **Paradise Duck** is well treated, and I expect to see her win. On the following day comes the Prince Edward Handicap, for which there are again tips galore. Flamboyant is supposed to be "walking over," and one hears that Charleville "can't be beaten." My selection is **Harrier.**

NO LIMIT NO LIMIT

A THOUSAND for a TENNER

SIR JOHN: By Jove! 100 to 1, and simply romped home. Believe our coach were the only ones "*on*" it.

LORD BOB: Our luck's in, old chap. Wired a "Tenner" to my man "Duggie," so I'll have a nice little cheque for a clear "Thou." Monday.

SIR JOHN: Lucky it was Douglas Stuart. Lady Olive wired off a "Tenner" too. Just heard her say she'd get £250 Monday, as her man has a "Limit" of 25's on ordinary races.

LORD BOB: Fancy a "Thou." to me, and only 250 to Lady Olive for the *same* bet, *same* stake.

SIR JOHN: Seems incredible, but it makes all the difference *who* you send to; fortunately, *you* sent to Douglas Stuart, she *didn't*.

LORD BOB: Hard luck for her. I must introduce her to "Duggie" and get her a Credit Account.

Write to-day, and open a

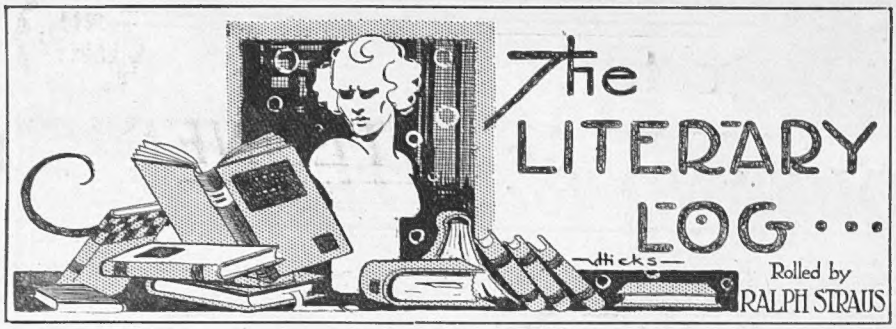
CREDIT ACCOUNT

DOUGLAS STUART

NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Member of Principal Sporting Clubs.

NO LIMIT NO LIMIT



FOR a man who published his first book in 1916 to be issuing his fourteenth in five years' time is surely in the nature of a phenomenon. But, then, Mr. S. P. B. Mais is a phenomenal writer. You may not like all his books ; you may think that they lie too deeply within a groove ; you may loftily inform yourself that work produced at so great a rate cannot be good. For all that, it is impossible to ignore Mr. Mais, impossible not to see that a man of so many enthusiasms is creating a class for himself. It is true that most of his novels have had a similar background; their heroes have generally been impecunious schoolmasters behaving unusually; in fact, criticism has frequently fastened itself more particularly on to this point. *Another* schoolmaster story ! you have heard : why can't the man write about something else ?

⁂ ⁂

ON the title-page of his new book, *Breaking Covert* (Grant Richards : 8*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Mais admits that he has been reading his critics. Why not a "happy book for a change" ? Well, why not ? Something, for instance, about hunting and beagling ? A romance—with all the characters "as mad as March hares," to use the phrase with which the author's wife, as we are told, objected to so complete a departure from Maisian methods. The result is undeniably pleasant. Lincolnshire folk, in any case, will be cock-a-hoop, for never before can that sun-swept county have had its glories more vividly painted. And if the cheery folk in *Breaking Covert* are rather mad, if their little peculiarities of speech and behaviour are exaggerated too much, in order to suit Mr. Mais's amiable purpose, what matter ? Here there is none of that modern neurological stuff which seems to have cast a queer spell over so many authors : in its place you have caravans and Masefieldian "runs" and hermits dehermitized, and profiteers turned (almost) into gentlemen—remember that this is a romance—and an all-round essay in manly love-making.

⁂ ⁂

THE story doesn't matter very much. Three young people without any money set out in a caravan and come to Lincolnshire, where anything, it seems, may happen, if only you elect to camp in the grounds of a rich profiteer. You may meet the girl of your heart, but you will also meet freaks like the Claythorpes and astonishing folk like the Petres—I would have you examine the character of Mr. Petre very closely, by the way, because it bears a most striking resemblance to an author who has published fourteen books in five years—and Mr. Brownlow, the inventor, and Mr. Brewer, the aerial "knut." Nor is it necessary for you to be a huntsman to enjoy Mr. Mais's descriptions of the runs. *Breaking Covert* is a rattling, bustling, healthful and forthright account of out-door affairs, which will for all time disprove that Mr. Mais can write round only one background.

⁂ ⁂

IT will not be very long before Australia is producing her own novelists—with work to their credit which will be appreciated far outside the dominion. To-day one thinks of Rolf Boldrewood and Marcus Clarke and one or two lesser folk, but the time has not yet come when it is possible to speak of any Australian *school*—a matter, by the way, for which some critics would see good cause to be thankful. The publication of Mr. Allen Gilfillan's *Cooeeville* (Melrose : 8*s.* 6*d.* net) may prove a landmark in the history of Australian letters, though it must be stated at once that the chief character of the book, an Englishman, is a sad blot. Cooeeville is an ordinary little township in the backblocks. Its natives are described with a wealth of detail and a fidelity which cannot be doubted. But I question whether an Englishman like Norwood Cherral ever existed in the twentieth century. In Dickens's day he might, perhaps, have lived, but surely not in these days when our young men, according to the *Times'* correspondents, behave with so little respect for their elders and with no manners at all.

⁂ ⁂

YOUNG Cherral is an "aristocrat" who has lost his fortune and comes to Cooeeville to earn his living as a solicitor. His unbelievable reserve very naturally puts most of the town against him. But there is an admirable doctor who saves his life after a bout of fever, and when it is understood that Cherral is fighting for truth and honesty the town comes round to him. The Court scenes are admirably described, as is also one of those terrible bush-fires, of which most Englishmen are abysmally ignorant. The petty outlook of the townsfolk, moreover, is well brought out, as well as the rarer vision vouchsafed to the few, like Railthorpe, whose ill-success as a poet rather unnecessarily leads to his suicide. As a whole the book represents a big achievement, but it would have been far more considerable had Cherral been less of a book-begotten man. He is too true to a type which probably never existed outside the covers of a book. His folly in Mr. Gilfillan's earlier pages is incredible. For all that, the author shows here his claim to be heard, and I should not be surprised if he were to take high rank in the future. R. S.

MISS DOROTHY SCOTT

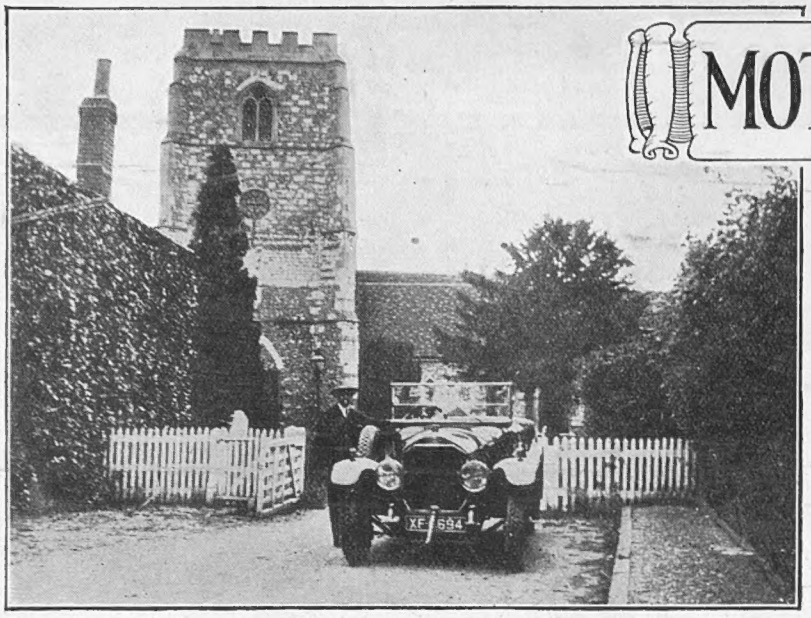
Who filmed in "The Bigamist" as Mrs. Carruthers, which was recently shown at the Alhambra. Four months were spent in photographing "exteriors" in Nice

Blinkers for Business

BY LEONARD P. DOWD

OUR ARTIST SUGGESTS A FEW APPROPRIATE DESIGNS

MOTOR·NOTES



OUTSIDE BRAY CHURCH

A 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier outside the charming old church of Bray, in Berkshire. The river Thames runs within a few yards of the church

PETROL down to two shillings and fivepence halfpenny per gallon, alcohol—power alcohol, not the "have one" variety—free from excessive duty makes one think that we really shall see cheap motoring before very long. Anyway, we are thanking the stars for what we have received, but hope for more in the future for our money. As for the cars themselves, prices really are getting quite on reasonable lines. The Lanchester 40 h.p. six-cylinder is now reduced from £2,200 to £1,950 for the chassis, including such a wonderful full equipment of tools, lamps, and instruments on the dashboard, which must cost over £100 more than any other car's equipment for these things. At the other end of the scale, in car powers, there is the new 9 h.p. Belsize, a two-cylinder V engine, oil and air-cooled, that is the latest idea in efficiency "light" car design, and is to be sold at £200 or thereabouts, complete with two-three seated body.

* * *

I DON'T believe anybody will have anything in the car line that will be new to the general motoring public at Olympia in November if the next season's models keep popping out of the various factories at the present rate during the past few weeks. Here's the new 15–20 h.p. Straker-Squire being revived—the best pre-war "fifteen" in the market. The new one should be even better than that in the light shed by the splendid performance of the six-cylinder Straker Squire which earns new friends every week. Anyway, I am glad the "fifteen" four-cylinder model has returned, as my 1913 Straker has done over 100,000 miles, and, so far, the replacements and repairs have not cost £100, though it will have to have a bit of an overhaul this autumn, so if the new model does cost a bit more in first cost its pedigree shows its maintenance is very low indeed.

* * *

TO-DAY, the last of this August, the six days' competitors in the Auto-cycle Union's reliability trial are having their hardest test of endurance and rough road hill climbing, as, leaving Taunton at eight this morning, the motor-cyclists proceed to Porlock, Lynmouth, to lunch at Tiverton, returning to Taunton by Honiton, Lyme Regis, and Chard after 175 miles of gruelling up and down country. This practically means a circular tour of the whole country between the Bristol Channel and English Channel, drawing two parallel lines from Ilfracombe and Minehead to the southern spots of Sidmouth and Lyme Regis respectively, a lovely day of best British scenery, Somerset and Devon.

* * *

ITALY has its racing motor-car week at Brescia from September 4 to 11 inclusive. Such a fête—big cars, small cars, cycle cars, motor-cycles, and aeroplanes are all provided with events to compete in, and many prizes to be won. It should be quite a pleasant week, and the district is well worth visiting irrespective of the excellent racing programme provided by the organisers.

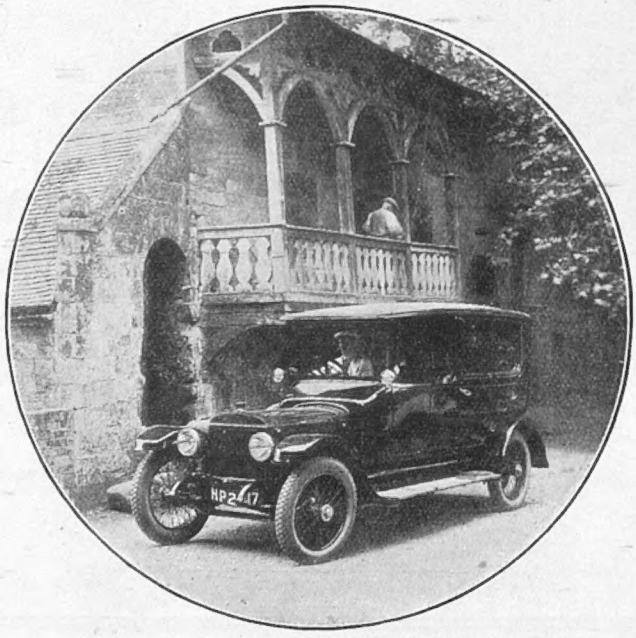
* * *

LE MANS has its cycle-car race over the French Grand Prix course on September 17, when the little 1,100 c.c. motettes will travel 185 miles at their best speed, and the bigger light car of 1,500 c.c. and 2,500 c.c. race together, though for separate trophies on the next day, September 18, over the same course, but their distance is 278 miles. Sandwiched in between the French and Italian events is our old hill climb Shelsby Walsh, the annual beanfeast of the Midland A.C., which is to be run on September 10. Now how can I and others attend both the Italian and British classic events when they clash like this? One will have to be missed, and it is hard to decide which, and I fancy lots of people will puzzle whether they can do both by missing the last two days of the Italian races, so as to get back to England in time to see Captain Malcolm Campbell try and beat the present Talbot record of this Shelsby Walsh hill.

* * *

BROOKLANDS has its September meeting on the 24th of that month with the usual dozen events, and then there is a lull in the sporting side of motoring until October 22 when the 200-mile race for 1,500 c.c. cars run by the Junior Car Club, will, more or less, wind up this motor-drome's season, except for the usual record-breaking efforts just before the various motor and cycle shows. After this, I believe, the trade will try and sell cars and such like to the public, if only to get back a few pence out of the pounds they must have spent in racing during this year.

OLD HY



TOURING IN WARWICKSHIRE

At Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick, a new model of the Daimler landaulette, which is so comfortable for travelling over long distances